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RELIGIOUS MISCELLANY.

(From the Advocate of Peace.)

SPECIMEN OF ENGLISH VOLUNTEERS IN THE CAUSE OF PEACE.

G. Pilkington, once an officer in the British service, but compelled by his views of war as incompatible with Christianity, to resign his commission, has been for several years traversing Great Britain as a spontaneous and independent laborer in our cause. We have often heard of him as an able, single-hearted champion of peace; and the subjoined extracts give an amusing view of the manner in which he prosecutes his noble, self-denying work:

'I have been upwards of five years engaged in the advocacy of the principles of this Society, during which time I have travelled 12,500 miles through England, Ireland and Scotland, have addressed on this subject 400,000 people, and have received the approbation of our principles from 320 ministers of the gospel of all orthodox denominations, without any exception whatsoever. I have been favored with a power to convince fifteen military officers of rank of the unlawfulness of all war, offensive or defensive; in consequence of which they told me they would lay down their swords, and never fight again. Only within these last three days, an officer, who was convinced by hearing a lecture from me, and who, having debated for some time in his mind what he should do with his pistols,—for he had a pair of expensive dueling pistols, worth twenty guineas, and a rifle-barrelled pocket-pistol, which he carried to shoot robbers with, should he be attacked by them,—and having given up the idea which first occurred to him of throwing them into the New River, lest some other person should pick them up and make use of them, in the midst of his perplexity resolved to give them to me; and three days ago he did present them to me, observing, 'They will be safe in your hands, and I give them up as trophies.' I have, also, within the same period, received a letter from an officer of the navy, who declared, in my hearing, the other day, that he was convinced of the impropriety of all war. He had been proposing to himself to leave his present profession, and become a preacher of the gospel, but he thought he would continue in it for a time longer, in order to save a little money to help him go abroad as a pilgrim to proclaim salvation to men. But now he was so impressed with the unlawfulness of all war, that he could not bear to remain in the profession for the purpose of getting money by it for this Christian purpose; and he was resolved to go out, protesting against all war, offensive and defensive, and to depend for support on his Great Shepherd.

'We fail, in a great measure, in our advocacy of the peace principle, by too generally appealing to the world, instead of the church. I have lately put the question to Christians, and to Christians only; for they are the teachers, and I am sorry to say, the practitioners of war, I single them out, and say to them, 'Come to the Scriptures, and see if you can find any authority for such proceedings there.' In visiting a town in the north some years ago, I happened to go to a place of worship, and was sitting in the gallery, when this text was announced from the pulpit: 'Be sober; be vigilant; because your adversary the devil as a roaring lion walketh about, seeking whom he may devour.' My bills had been posted outside the walls, but I little thought I was the enemy that was going about like a roaring lion. The preacher, however, soon pointed at me, and marked me out, and said, 'His bills are upon your walls. That man will teach you to sit down in your arm-chair, and to pray, and let the enemy come in, and do as he likes. He will teach you that by this praying you will succeed, and that you will require no means whatever to protect yourselves.' This only brought a greater congregation to my lecture. But he further stated, 'I read that Christ said, 'If the good man of the house had known what hour the thief would come, he would have watched, and not have suffered his house to be broken through.' There,' said he, 'the Savior tells us resistance is lawful; and he not only says so, but he calls the man a good man.' The poor people were looking up at him with their mouths open, and swallowing all he said, and taking it for gospel. At the Peace Meeting I took up his statements, and showed wherein his mistakes lay. I told the people that the term 'good man' in the text meant householder, and was but one word, being very different from the meaning of the same term when consisting of two distinct words, as in this text: 'A good man out of the good treasure of his heart bringeth forth that which is good.' As to the sitting down in an arm-chair, and depending on prayer only, I may say, that though no man desires to depend on prayer more than I do, I protest against being thought indifferent to the use of means. I believe in the use of means, holy means; give me but holy means,—the Scriptures and prayer,—and I will go forth and fight the battles of the Lord, confident of success.

'I went through twenty-six towns of Cornwall in the course of six weeks. At Penzance I was disappointed by a meeting not taking place on the day expected. In walking about the town I saw some placards announcing that a meeting of a very opposite character, would take place. I went to it, and listened to two orators, who were saying, 'We will have this and that, and if they won't let us, we'll fight them.' O, said I, I am in my place now; I see why the peace man lost his opportunity. I listened very attentively to these physical force men, and the next evening, at my own meeting, I took up all their arguments. The consequence was, that the persons who were opposed to the Peace Society advocate came forward, and said, 'It must be a providence that led you here at such a time as this, when the peace of the country is at stake. You are throwing oil on the troubled waters.'

'I followed in the rear of these physical force men from town to town, until at last I was called an emissary of the government. But O no! we may be called so, because no man can go beyond us in loyalty where the authorities require no sinful act from us; and we find that, in preventing crime, we do more good than those who wait until crime is committed, and then destroy the unhappy wretch who is guilty of it, and hurl him unprepared before the bar of God. I gave a lecture at St. Just, and six days afterwards I heard that some individuals who had signed the declaration of the physical force men tore up their papers, and forsook their purpose. I determined to go to the head-quarters of these people; and on 26 of last month, I held a meeting in the Town Hall of Birmingham, which was filled by 5,000 persons, and I was told that as many went away, not being able to get in. I only advanced the peace principles. I had nothing to do with politics, nor have I. My boast is, that I know nothing of politics. I am neither a Whig, nor a Tory, nor a Radical, nor am I any thing else of a political character. No; I am a peace man—I advocate the principles of peace. Having these principles in my heart, out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh. Thus I endeavored to address the people of Birmingham; but, alas! I found that peace principles did not suit the physical force men. They set up such a whistling, and groaning, and hooting, that I could not be heard. However, I determined not to be defeated, so I distributed my tracts among the people. Those tracts were written for the purpose of showing the awful consequences of a revolution; and, using a harmless guile, I headed them, 'Revolution for ever!' intending to catch the attention. I distributed 6,000 of these tracts through the principal towns of the north, in the space of twenty days.

'At length, coming home to meet the Peace Society,—for although I am not a member of your Society, I am your covenanted friend—the reason why I wish not to be a member is that I may not be assailed on that ground when I go about to advocate the same cause you aim to advance,—I was coming home by coach, and my fellow-passengers assisted me in throwing the tracts to the people, and they were flying like snow along the air. In passing through Mansfield I saw some yeomanry cavalry there. One of the officers accosting me, said, 'Did you distribute these tracts?' 'Yes,' said I; 'will you please to have one?' He was very angry about it, and called them seditious. I wished him to read the tract, but he would not, and at length gave me in charge to a constable. He said he did not want to read any more than he saw at the head—'Revolution for ever!' I was dragged from the coach to the jail like a criminal, and every one thought that one of the prime leaders of the physical force men was captured. I requested that they would take care of my luggage. 'O,' said the officer, 'we'll take care of you, and your luggage too; you'll be clapped in the strong box safely enough before long; and sure enough I was; and presently the yeomanry came to look at me, and they stared at me most marvelously. I said, 'My friends, do you see any thing about me more extraordinary than you do about other men? My nose is between my eyes, is it not?' They shook their heads at me, as much as to say, that I would soon have reason to be sorry for my evil deeds. At last the officer who gave me in charge entered, and expressed his disapprobation of the title of the tract. I recommended to him to read the contents, and he would find that we were both pulling in the same boat. 'O no,' said he, 'we are not indeed.' After a short time, he permitted me to go to the house of a friend, whom I had named, in the town, to remain there until twelve o'clock, when I was directed to appear before the bench of magistrates. The Duke of Portland, and the eldest son of the Duke of Newcastle, and other persons of distinction, were present, who, when they had read the tract, and found out the mistake, sent for me. I was received in a courteous manner. The Duke of Portland said, 'Well, sir, I have been reading this tract, and I like it very well; it is calculated to do much good, but (looking very kindly at me) these three words!' 'O,' said I, 'those three words are the bait to catch the fish I want.' 'But said the Duke, 'I am afraid they will only read those words, and nothing else, for the rest is very excellent.' I told him that I knew the reverse to be the case, for at Barnstaple the people came round the carriage, asking me to give them a Tory tract—so they were pleased to call it, as they call every thing Tory with which they differ. The individual who had arrested me came forward, and said he was sorry that he had put me to so much inconvenience. I said, 'I require no redress; I am a Christian. It is true that I am put to great inconvenience. My family will not know what has hindered my arrival, and I have paid the whole of my passage money all the way to London; but this is no more than a Christian must endure: and so far from desiring to censure you, I am delighted with your zeal to suppress disorder and revolution, although I have innocently suffered by it.' I then had an opportunity of showing that all war, offensive or defensive, is anti-christian. After some conversation, the Duke of Portland, in returning my papers, said, 'This is a very good tract of yours, and most ingeniously got up.' I replied, 'Perhaps your grace will accept it; I do not expect to make a revolutionist *of you*.' They laughed—I took leave, and on retiring from the room they wished me 'God speed.' Thus I parted from the magistrates of Mansfield, having shown them the power of the peace principle to put down even rebellion and riots.

'We are charged, forsooth, with sitting in our arm chairs, and using no means to protect ourselves from evil. I charge those who depend on an armed force with doing so. They say, 'There is an army in the country, and in case of need it would be very active. We will not interfere with the wrong-headed; we will wait, and we shall see how soon the soldiers will chop them down; or, if need be, we will aid that army, for defence is lawful, and we believe we shall only be doing good to aid in destroying those persons.' On the contrary, the Christian who believes in the principle we advocate must be exertive. Therefore the Christian is the man to whom we ought to appeal. I see him in pulpits in various nations wherever war has been proclaimed, testifying that war is justifiable, in the midst of their congregations. I see him in the pews of every denomination, praying for the success of the wars the nations are engaged in, both offensive and defensive. I see wars carried on, and Christians going forth, casting away the sword of the Spirit, and all their spiritual armor, and taking up carnal weapons, and in the very fore-front of the battle, making the world believe that their heavenly Father sanctifies war. I see them in the thickest of the fight, trampling on the dead, and mowing down the living, both friend and foe, Christian and infidel. I follow them from the field, and say, 'You have just killed a Christian; do you not know that the Scripture saith, 'Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, my brethren, ye have done it unto me?' He replies, 'O that is not for war, that is for a time of peace!' If I say, 'You have killed an infidel, and the Scripture saith, 'The Son of Man came not to destroy men's lives, but to save them,' he answers, 'O, that does not apply to times of war.' I tell him he is commanded to love his enemies. 'Yes,' he says, 'but not when at war with them.' I go through all the warnings and commandments that high Heaven has recorded against Christians engaging in bloody contests, but he finds a sufficient excuse for his conduct in the very act of war, for breaking and disregarding every one of them. I say, then, without fear of contradiction, the Christian is too often the man who says the Scriptures cannot be carried out; he thinks war is necessary, and that Scripture is of no force against him until the fight has ceased. Then he goes back, and takes up the armor of Christ, which he had thrown off, and seeks another country and another king, than those for which he has been fighting, and thinks he has done no wrong.'

(From the Gospel Messenger.)

A SKETCH.

'Just knows, and knows no more, her Bible true,
—There reads with sparkling eyes
Her title to a treasure in the skies.'

As a simple narrative of facts, occurring within our own borders, I offer the following little story.

Some of my earliest recollections are connected with that truly gospel principle of my beloved mother, 'Charity requires a sacrifice.'—She taught us while very little children to bestow from our own small allowance upon those who had greater need. Our childish possessions, when offered in this spirit, did not lose their reward. Among the stated objects of our charity were two maiden sisters, Mary and Maryette, who gained their livelihood by spinning, though the former had for many years been rendered almost past exertion by severe disease, but Maryette is even now present to my imagination, coming, as she regularly did, to my mother's house on Saturday afternoons, to receive her weekly wages. Her usual dress on these occasions was a checkered handkerchief tied over the head, a stuff petticoat and short gown; her feet were bare except in the coldest weather, when a clumsy pair of stockings and shoes were added. When equipped for her return home, a distance of three miles, she carried on her back a bag of potatoes; one hand supported a basket whose ample dimensions afforded room for her milk jug, Indian meal, pork, and whatever else you were pleased to bestow. We were repaid by her simple 'I'm obliged to ye,' for she seldom expressed more to man, while we knew from her daily conduct, that her gratitude was reserved for her Heavenly Father. I once visited her dwelling in company with my brother, on horseback, for the road would not admit of a carriage. Our route lay through a scarcely trodden path in the wood, which in the delightful month of May, was bordered with the laurel, whose clusters of pink flowers were then in full bloom, gleaming amid the dark and glossy leaves. Maryette's dwelling was situated on the hill-side, which seemed to form a protection to the roof, or, from its dilapidated condition it must have fallen long before; the interior was occupied by one apartment, which answered all the purposes of the small family, and furnished also a roosting place for the fowls. This was the only time I ever saw Mary; she was less agreeable in her appearance than her sister, but though disease had set his seal upon her, she was equally uncomplaining. She was seated in her brown linen dress at her little wheel, one hand alone employed, the other had become entirely useless, and was lying, dreadfully distorted, by her side. Both the sisters received us cordially, and in the spirit of true politeness, offering us all the luxuries their home afforded, expatiating upon the many natural comforts of the place; among the rest, a pure spring of cool water, which they seemed, rightly, to think above all price. During one cold winter of deep snows, we for a time lost sight of Maryette, but it was often said in the family, 'I wish I knew how Maryette and Mary contrive to live,' and when she at last made her appearance, in answer to our eager interrogations, she replied, 'Ah! the same that sent the snows took care of me.' After further questioning, she told us that when the heavy storm came on, they were illy prepared for it, having little wood, and no food in the house, except a few frozen turnips, on which herself and sister subsisted for some days. When the fuel was quite exhausted, an old apple tree near the house was kindly blown in the high wind, and being levelled to hand, supplied them with wood. We expressed our surprise that the unsteady mansion had not also been overthrown. But poor Maryette had no fears. What an example of childish trust in God!

In a decent calico gown, and black bonnet, Maryette might be seen each Sunday walking the distance of several miles to the village church, carrying her shoes and stockings, but stopping by the way-side to put them on, ere she entered the populous street, that she might appear properly clad in the house of God. Her diligent attendance on the services of the Lord, and at the communion table, at last attracted the attention of the wealthy of the congregation; her wants were supplied, and more than supplied, for she seemed to receive their gifts more as an expression of the good will of the donors, than as necessary to herself. But the time came when Mary must go to her long home, and Maryette leave her secluded dwelling. A kind neighbor 'took her in,' but the great distance from her church induced her to accept of an abode at the almshouse, where she still resides. She is now more than eighty years of age, but may be found in her usual seat every Sunday morning, while she seems to be patiently 'waiting till her change come.'

Truth.

MR PIERPONT'S LETTER.

Boston, Oct. 22, 1839.

To Messrs. JAMES BOYD and EDMUND JACKSON, Minority of a Committe of the Proprietors of the Hollis Street Church.

GENTLEMEN—Your note, under date of yesterday, is this moment received. I thank you for it, and for the information it contains, as well as for the copy, that accompanies it, of the printed Report of the Majority of the committee of which you are a minority.

I reply, promptly, and will do it as briefly as I can; and, although you are aware that a reply must, in the nature of things, be longer than the complaint, or attack, I will do my best to relieve you of weariness in this, my defence, by making it as entertaining as I can, consistently with the decorum of my profession, and the grave character of the charges to which, in your judgment, as well as my own, I am called upon *thus* to reply.

I say, 'called upon *thus* to reply.' For, it seems that instead of going with me before an Ecclesiastical Council, mutually chosen, and competent, and empowered to settle fully and forever all matters of complaint in this case—which is the course that I counselled my people to follow, and even demanded that they should follow—the only course by which their object, the extrusion of me from my pulpit, could or can be obtained—the majority of your committee have reported, rejecting my proposal—and that, on the extraordinary ground that there is, in their 'opinion, nothing for such a tribunal to settle;' and now, without my knowledge or consent, before, yes, three weeks before the Society can act upon their Report, either to accept or reject it, they have thrown it out before the world through a secular print, and an appeal is thus made, in an ecclesiastical case, not to an ecclesiastical tribunal, but to that of the Sovereign People.

Very well, gentlemen of the majority, since ye have appealed unto Cæsar, unto Cæsar shall ye go. I stand with you, now, at the tribunal to which you have thus summoned me; and, gentlemen of the minority, I answer through you, and the daily press.

You speak of this report, gentlemen, as a 'rather extraordinary document.' It seems to me that the manner in which it has been brought under my notice is not less extraordinary. To say nothing of a defendant's rights, in civil and criminal cases—even in courts martial, where merely the *life* of the accused is in question, the party in peril is always officially furnished with a specification of the charges against him; and he is allowed time to respond to them. But in this case, where not the life of a man may be taken by rifle or rope, but his *reputation* is to be shot at in a volley from a platoon of three while all the world are to be lookers on and hearers of the 'Report,' he is not officially made acquainted with the nature of the *charge* before it is let off. Neither do the Proprietors instruct their clerk to communicate to the culprit the bill of his indictment before they endorse it as a 'true bill'—nor have the committee the courtesy or grace to communicate with him at all, before their 'bill of particulars' against him is given to the world, through the columns of a 'Commercial Gazette.'

But, as I am not plaintiff in this case, I will no more complain.

The majority of the committee, then, say that in regard to the difficulties between the proprietors of Hollis Street Church, and their pastor, 'it has become necessary to disabuse the public mind by stating facts.'—What is the first fact that they state?

'It is well known,' they say, 'that he was settled as our minister with the understanding as in like cases, that we should receive his undivided attention.'

Denied. There was never such an understanding, either in my case, or in any one of the thousand and one 'like cases.' Where is the proof of any such understanding between my people and myself? In their call? In my letter of acceptance? Let them both be shown. When was it ever understood, till now, by this committee, that any specific portion of a Christian community was to receive the undivided attention of a Christian minister? That his family was to receive no attention—society none—his country none—Christianity in other States, and other lands none? The assertion, that such an understanding is well known, is false in fact. Had there been such an understanding, or agreement, in fact, it would have been void; first, because of its essential absurdity, and, secondly, because its fulfilment would have been impossible. A jewel of a Christian minister must he be indeed, whose efforts and influence should never extend beyond the walls of his own church, and the firesides of his own families!

Again—'while he confined himself to his ministerial duties, it is believed that no fault was found.'

How long, even according to this, was I faultless, gentlemen? The very first summer of my ministry I was placed upon the school committee of Boston. I held the office between seven and eight years consecutively, and after an interval of many years, I held it again during the very last year. An old offender truly! Between eight and nine years have I been in the transgression of a school committee man; giving no small share of my 'undivided attention' to the duties of that office, especially during the years that I acted as secretary of the board. I hope my fellow citizens will, in the language of an apostle, 'forgive me this wrong,' especially as I have determined that, till I see good reason, I will offend in like manner no more.

'But,'—continues the majority of your committee, and here I pray you to stand respectfully aside, till the train of my iniquities shall have passed in review,—'But, when his attention was drawn from those duties by the making of *books*, and the manufacture of *stoves* and *screws*, and RAZOR STRAPS—and by entering into every exciting topic that the ingenuity of the fanatic at home, or the imported mountebank, could conjure up to disturb and distract the public mind, such as *imprisonment for debt, the militia law, antimasonry, phrenology, temperance*, and last of all, and above all, the *abolition of slavery*, a question which threatens, more than all else the destruction of our GLORIOUS UNION, it would be wonderful indeed if his people were made of such materials as to sit quietly and tolerate such *freedom*.'

There, gentlemen, they have all gone by. So now let us put on our hats again, and our spectacles, and let us look *seriatim*, at this terrible phalanx of offences. Books are in the van; and the 'Patriarchal Institution' is the rere-ward.

No. 1. 'Books.' I have made some books, principally school-books, for the use of my own children, and those of my parishioners and fellow countrymen generally. To this charge I plead *guilty*. The question of my offence, in this behalf, 'is enrolled in the capitol,' where the records of the copy rights repose. Let my brethren in the Christian ministry take warning! Let them make no books, for the rising generation or the risen; lest, peradventure, there be such a 'battle of books' around them, that their pulpits shall tremble under them with the shock! As a token of my own penitence for this sin, let me inform the public through you, gentlemen, that my school-books are, all of them, published by Mr D. H. Williams, No. 6, Water street, where 'the trade' may be supplied on reasonable terms.

No. 2. '*Stoves*.' *Not Guilty!* To this I plead, in abatement, what in law, is termed a *misnomer*. I have made no stoves; not even a stove, nor have I procured any to be made. A *Fire-place* I did devise some ten or a dozen years ago, for the burning of anthracite.—And allow me here—as I have no pecuniary interest in it—to recommend it to yourselves or your friends, who wish to make themselves and families comfortable in the approaching cold weather. It is called 'the Doric Fire-place,' and may be had at Bates', No. 14, Dock square. Should any one desire to know its qualities, I have great confidence in referring him, for a recommendation of it, to Mr Clapp, the last named member of the majority of your committee, who purchased and has used it in his own house. I do not say with Job, that 'he has been warmed with the fleece of my sheep;' but I do say that he has been warmed by means of my fire-place; and it seems to me rather unkind in him, after thus being an accessory to my 'felony' *after the fact*, to arraign me thus for committing it. I would ask him if it be not worthy of an essay in the moral department of the Evening Gazette, to demonstrate how much less culpable, in a moral point of view, it is, in him, to buy and use that which it was wrong in me to make, and then complain of and prosecute me for having made it, than it would be, in any neighbor of his, to buy that which it is unlawful to sell, and then complain of and prosecute the seller for having sold it. And, while he is doing this sum in moral arithmetic, I will go on to

No. 3. *Screws*. This, I suppose, refers to some aid which, by counsel or otherwise, I rendered a brother of mine several years ago, in bringing to perfection a machine for the manufacture of that useful article, the wood screw. I cannot speak but with sadness, upon this subject, notwithstanding its connexion in this indictment. The waters of Lake Erie closed over my brother, while his machine was incomplete,—and his enterprise and his life were lost to the world together. I hope, gentlemen, that both yourselves and the public will excuse my going more into detail on this head; not because I fear a scrutiny, which I challenge the bitterest foe I have on earth to institute and follow up; but because of the incongruous emotions that I cannot but feel, when the image of a drowned brother swims between me and those who are striking at more than my life.

No. 4. 'RAZOR-STRAPS,' in capitals! *Guilty*, in part, and, in part, *not guilty*. Not guilty of manufacturing Razor-Straps, in the plural, but guilty—singularly guilty—of helping make one Razor-Strap.

Some 'fourteen years ago,' with the help of an ingenious book-binder of this city, Mr Charles A. Wells, and of a cunning workman at the lathe, whose Russian name has dropped out of the meshes of my memory, whose unfaithfulness to some of its trusts is not forgotten by the majority of your Committee, I succeeded in constructing a Razor Strap for my own use. It was my only offence, in this behalf. It happened, however, to approve itself in the eyes of a clever artizan or two, who have constructed others after the similitude thereof; to the great comfort, no doubt, of sundry worthy citizens who choose to trim their own beards, rather than entrust that critical operation to a barber's hands; till now, peradventure, the article has increased, and is multiplied; yea, and in different forms and qualities, hath replenished the land. But, gentlemen, how could I help that? I could not find it in my heart to go forth upon a crusade against all my fellow creatures who wish to shave as comfortably as myself. And now, forsooth, the evil has become inveterate, and has grown into matter of impeachment in the eyes, yea, and in the hands, of a Committee of Hollis Street Society. May their own beards be taken off by the aid of something more to their satisfaction, than the razor strap that, in an evil hour, I helped make, for the comfort of my own toilet!

Here endeth the catalogue of my mechanical transgressions. But, had your colleagues, gentlemen, done me the favor to call upon *me*, for further information; had they even referred to the Records of Hollis Street Society, the catalogue might have been still more extended. I once applied a little of my small measure of astronomical science to the unministerial office of drawing a meridian line, for the use and behoof of a venerable parishioner who was curious in regulating his own watch. Nay, I even made the instrument that enabled me to perform this office. The Records of Hollis Street Society will show that, by the Society itself, have I been led into temptation, to depart from the cure of my people's souls, in devoting some time and thought to the comfort of their bodies. They placed me, more than two years ago, at the head of a committee to devise and reccommend a plan for warming their house of worship. My Report is, I conclude, upon the files of the Proprietors' Clerk, and might have been profitably consulted by a committee whose office seems to have been to seek occasions against me. Nay, some years ago, observing that the health of one of my parishioners was sinking under the confinement and cares of his business, I urged upon him the necessity of recreation, in change of scene, and exercise in the country air; commending to his attention, especially, the marshes and fishing streams of Sandwich. So earnestly did I press this upon him, that he yielded to my counsel. He went, and was healed. I doubtless owe it to the Christian forbearance of the Chairman of your Committee,—who was the patient in this case,—that I am not charged with dabbling in medicine, as well as in mechanics!

But, gentlemen, seriously, I feel myself humbled, when I see men who have for years been parishioners of mine, finding fault with me for trying to do some good, to some body, while I am taking that bodily exercise which I know, and they ought to know, is an indispensable condition of health, and of the vigorous exercise of the mental faculties. No doubt it would all be well, were I to stand in my library, by the hour together, and swing dumb bells; though in that exercise no mental power of my own would be called into action, and no other child of Adam benefitted. But, if any thing useful results from my hours of physical exercise, then rises a clamor against me, and my delinquencies are obtruded upon the public ear by those who, for other reasons, hate me. Gentlemen, let me tell your associates through you, that I have answered this section of their charges, more for their sake, than my own. I contemn their charges. I pity the malice that, when it could find no worse, is so weak as to take up with *them*. Ill would it have fared with the Apostle to the Gentiles, had disciples like these caught him at tent making! Hard would it have gone with 'the Carpenter, the son of Joseph,' had they found him sweating at his bench!—Gentlemen of the majority, I plead to your jurisdiction. Your authority to call me in question in these matters I do not recognize. 'Jesus I know; and Paul I know;—but who are ye?'

Having disposed of the *mechanical* offences with which I am charged in the Report of the majority of your Committee, I proceed now, gentlemen, to the consideration of those which are more strictly of a *moral* nature, in that they relate to moral subjects, and to the moral and social interests of the community.

I am charged with 'entering into *every* exciting topic that the ingenuity of the fanatic at home, or the imported mountebank could conjure up to distract and disturb the public mind, such as *Imprisonment for debt*, the *Militia Law*, *Anti-Masonry*, *Phrenology*, *Temperance*, and last of all and above all, the *Abolition of Slavery*, a question which threatens more than all else the destruction of our GLORIOUS UNION.'

No. 1. *Imprisonment for Debt*. More than eighteen years ago, I preached in my own pulpit a discourse against this abomination which gave offence to some of my people. They thought that a minister of Him who was sent '*to preach deliverance to the captive and the opening of the prison to them that are bound*,' had nothing to do with the laws by which in a Christian land, the debtor was bound in prison. So long ago as that I did not, it seems, confine myself so strictly to my 'ministerial duties that no fault was found.' That offence is not forgotten yet, though the parties chiefly affected by it are all in their graves. That offence is felt to this day in the ballot box of the proprietors. Perhaps it will never be forgotten of men. May it never be, of God!'

More than ten years ago, too, the citizens of Boston, assembled in Faneuil Hall, gave ear to my words, in a speech of more than two hours, upon the same subject. Would God that those words might ring forever in the ears of men. May my own ears ring with them when rehearsed in the Day of Judgment!

No. 2. *The Militia Law*. More than eleven years ago I preached a discourse before 'the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company.' Of its merits I do not speak. It was given to the public at the time, in pamphlets and through the newspaper press. To show how heartily I repent of having preached and published it, I will only remark to you, gentlemen, that I have several copies of the second edition on hand, which I will furnish with *pleasure*, and that gratuitously, to either of you or your friends. By the ballot box of the proprietors of Hollis Street Church, that discourse is still 'freshly remembered.'

No. 3. *Anti-Masonry*. I know of nothing that, in reason, should prevent the first named member or the last of the accusing Committee, uniting in this charge against me. But that

(Concluded on last page.)

For the Register and Observer.

JONAS'S STORIES. ROLLO'S EXPERIMENTS.

We are happy to notice the appearance of these little books from the untiring pen of the author of the Rollo series. The young, with all their friends, are placed under increased obligations to Mr Abbott.

Our old acquaintance, Jonas, proves himself an adept at story telling. We know of no superior that he need fear, in his line—were he ever that way inclined. His stories introduce matters that are fitted to interest children, and treat them precisely in the proper way. We should recommend every one who wishes to learn how to address the young, how to talk to them and how to instruct as well as to entertain them, to take a seat in Jonas' wagon, or still better in Mr Abbott's study.

Rollo's Experiments are, also, well chosen and well managed. Children are very fond of experiments. We remember the day when *Hocus Pocus* was the only work they could consult—and most choicely was it handed down from generation to generation. Rollo's Experiments are quite another thing. They gratify the desire in question—and they do it in a way that is calculated to secure good and lasting effects.

We are aware that the pen of so ready a writer must sometimes slip. We are happy to perceive how rarely it has done so in the two works before us. Still, would it not have been better to have had the volumes submitted to a little wholesome criticism and revision before they were stereotyped? We are no friends of stereotyping for children's books. It interferes, we fear, with that jealous vigilance and thorough correction with which each edition should issue on its errand to the opening mind of childhood. It perpetuates too many errors. We are sorry to see it applied to the *first* edition in the present instance. Certainly, Rollo's Experiment with the magnet requires amendment. We ought to be told, for instance, why the sand adhered to the magnet. A careful eye would detect a few other blemishes.

We wish, too, that the wood-cuts were better. They are sadly deficient in uniformity. Rollo and the other personages figure of all sizes, and often grow shorter as they grow older, while yet in the morning of life.

And could not the volumes be sold cheaper? B.

FOR THE REGISTER AND OBSERVER.

Oct. 26th, 1839.

'Believe me, Gazel: human misery is proportioned to the age of man; it increases, only as his physical faculties are developed, and his ability to endure become greater.' *Cartas Marruecas.*

I know not what kind of a reception, this ejaculation of Cadalso's may meet, in these days, but it seems an appropriate introduction, to the few words, which I would say in relation to our sympathy with the young. Are we happy as the happiest, we part the golden curls upon the polished brow of childhood, with a sigh, and wonder that aught on earth, can be so light hearted and so pure—have our hearts been wrung by life's severest agony, we but drop a crimson tear, upon its rosy cheek where it lingers, as the dew-drop, pregnant with the mysteries of creation, upon the unsonscious flowret, only till the coming of the passing breeze. When our eyes are first opened to the world, while the very breath we draw, is a novel and all-engrossing subject of interest, and while we look upon life, and its thousand fascinations, through a Claude Lorraine glass; what wonder that the eye fills, the hand trembles, and that the smile which dances joyously about the crimson lip, is only the natural expression of unbounded delight? Yet even then man raises to his lips the cup of bitterness, which he is destined to drain, sensitive, as the beautiful plant, which shrinks from his inquisitive touch—the acuteness of his suffering, is only equalled by the intensity of his enjoyment. The hour which the child spends in weeping for a broken toy, or juvenile disappointment, forms as large a portion of his existence, as the *month*, for which the merchant bewails the loss of his noble ship, or the man the frustration of his dearest hopes. Talk about the ephemeral tears, the halcyon days of childhood as we will, we have all been children, and we all know, that the heart full of its own bitterness, yearns *then*, as earnestly as in mature life, for the sympathy, for the solace, which one human being should extend to another. How many useful, beneficent, and energetic members of society, might be formed—how many desperate, unfeeling skeptics might be saved, if parents would draw the hearts of their children towards them in a confidence as unusual, as it is believed to be unnecessary. I will not undertake to say, but I am sure, the number would not be small. The first impulse of the suffering child, leads him to seek the maternal knee, as the first impulse of the much enduring man, leads him to the sanctuary of his God, but if the full tide of youthful affliction is checked by a chilling reproof, or an indifferent declaration that the parent is too busy to trouble herself with the trifling vexations of the child—think you that it will be approached a second time with the deep conviction, that there is no where else, on earth, affectionate, consoling sympathy may be found? No! the summer air, the silent but attentive stones, the sparkling heaven, if not the indignant ear of some unfortunate playmate, henceforth receive his confidence, and while the parent is looked up to, as a being, rather to be feared, than to be loved, the child works out for himself the great problem of life's earliest disappointment. Again—the superstitious feare, the religious doubts of childhood, are laughed at, or passed over with such careless coldness, that the young enthusiast would rather die, than submit his long cherished struggles, the inmost workings of his spirit to the scientific dissection of one, who has outlived all sympathy with them. I should like to *ask*, how common a thing it is, for parents to converse earnestly and freely with their children, upon the most important, moral and religious subjects unless as is sometimes the case, for the purpose of giving to their minds, a party, or sectarian bias?—I should like to *know*, how often the young heart unfolds itself to the open day, and endures the eager gaze of its superior, with confidence and love; but these are questions which common experience cannot answer! If the Presidennt of one of the newly formed South American republics, has found that no government can stand without the aid of a pure and practical Christianity, if—Catholic as he is—he has ordered the free distribution of the Holy Gospels, throughout his dominions in defiance of his priesthood, and his early prejudices, I think it is full time for us to be aware, liberal and enlightened Christians that we style ourselves, that the temporal and eternal welfare of our children depends upon the religion of the Savior, upon their duly appreciating the purity of his life, upon their carefully comparing his practice with his precept, upon their seeking in their own hearts, as well as in the inspired pages, the evidences of its divine authority, and then candidly, impartially deciding for themselves which is the path, to truth, to life and light. Yet how often is it the case that the mother of a large family knows *as little* of the questionings of her children's spirits, of their high aspirations for a something which they cannot reach, of their rude and half-formed conceptions of duty and of right, as the occasional guest at her table? She has not encouraged in them that free communion with herself, that is the dearest privilege of youth, she has not gained by a soothing and friendly attention, to the almost infantile requisition of her children, that hold upon her hearts, which will alone enable her to be of use to them, when the real business of life has begun, when they are commencing to assume the usual prerogatives of humanity—are beginning to think, to act, to question and to decide for themselves. The result is plain, if their minds are not unusually active, their hearts unusually tender,—they take the religion, the opinions, and principles of action, of their parent, upon trust, and until time has come with its sweet or bitter experience of their strength, they seek not to examine for themselves, until the records of eternity are about to be unrolled before their eyes. They live forsooth! as if they had no *interest* in life. Women! mothers! is this right? Believing as you do, that every human being, who comes into the world, has a duty to perform, and is responsible for the use he makes of his talents, can you *believe* that you are guiltless, if you neglect to cultivate that sense of obligation to to their fellow-beings, of the value of time, of passing precious opportunity, and of the necessity of an eager, upright seeking after that which is honorable and just, for its own sake—which can alone ensure your children's happiness? This may be done by example—it may be done by precept—but, *more than all*, it must be done by confidence, by endeavoring to know their heart, as well as you know your own, by drawing out their opinions, by purifying them from the dross, which is continually supplied by their peculiar personal experience, by accidental influences, or constitutional temperament. Children never forgive—I could almost say, that they never *ought* to forgive—the indifference which regards as trifling, as insignificant, anything which is important to their happiness, or which has deeply engrosssed their own minds. We have all of us, seen children ridiculed, for the very purity, the very singularity of their tastes—we have heard the taunting, irritating jest pass round, when their young hearts were throbbing with deep pain, when the tears were trembling on their long lashes, and each new sob told of augmented grief. We daily hear them told that they must cure themselves of such and such *notions*, before they enter into society, that they must not, with the frankness and truth which is childhood's sweetest facination, express the earnest promptings of their hearts,—that if they entertain such and such opinions, if they believe in such and such possibilities, they must keep them to themselves, for the world will only laugh at the simplicity and the inexperience which dares to profess them. We see, and hear all this, and more—much more—which it better befits each mother to remember, than me to rehearse—yet, we wonder that men are drawn aside from the narrow path, that humanity forgets its aim, that our race, in truth, is not just what it should be, our world a paradise of purity and peace, and we call upon the shades of those who dared to die, for their own immortality, when that immortality was but a name, to come back to us, with their beautiful theories, their soft dreams, of an earthly perfection, of a self-regulating, self-regenerating government! C. W. H.

FOR THE REGISTER AND OBSERVER.

Mr Editor,—Permit me to occupy a small space in answer to your last correspondent on the 'Child's first book of Thought.'

As your correspondent remarks, a book of this kind was seemingly needed and demanded by public opinion. Complaint was made by him and others, that the teaching in many of our schools was too mechanical. Oral instruction was deemed necessary. But teachers had no guide, and consequently no changes in modes of teaching were attempted. The Compiler of the above work, being placed in connexion with a school where it was proposed to introduce as experiments, some of the modern improvements in education, among others, oral instruction, prepared hastily the Child first book of Thought, which was used accordingly for that purpose in manuscript. Afterward, for more general use in the school and elsewhere, it seemed necessary to print it. Your correspondent admits that the '*general plan of the work is deserving of all praise. Properly carried out it will do not a little towards elevating the intellectual standard of Primary Schools.*'

It is to be regretted after such a warm eulogium upon the general plan of the work, he should have endeavored to destroy its usefulness and circulation by bringing forward so prominently a few errors, which, before he wrote, or the book was offered for sale had been corrected by an Errata appended to it.

It may be proper further to remark that the book was prepared for small children, and it was no part of the compiler's aim, to make it a strictly scientific work, nor one conformed to any *theory* either ancient or modern. The general arrangement, of the Animal, Vegetable and Mineral Kingdoms in one portion of it, was adopted for the purpose of classifying in the minds of children, under some well known general division, the facts which it was designed to present, without embarrassing them with technical distinctions, or a nomenclature, which it would have been difficult for them or an uninstructed teacher to understand. Strict scientific accuracy, it was believed, could be better obtained at a more advanced stage in their education.

That the opinion of your corespondent, however, may not be taken by 'teachers and parents' for more than it is worth in regard to the scientific inaccuracies of this little book, it may be well to remark, that in attempting to correct a *single* error, he has himself fallen into one, quite as great. 'Nearly *seventy* moons' says he 'would be required to make one earth.' Dick, who is a modern writer and distinguished for his scientific accuracy, remarks, 'the real magnitude of the moon is only about one *forty ninth* part of that earth.'

'The following is the 'errata' which was appended to the book before it was advertised. Fewer errors seldom escape detection in passing a work through the press.

ERRATA.

On page 31, instead of *four* moons, read *forty nine*.

Page 43, instead of 'Limestone, Marble or Chalk, of which Lime is made,'—read, LIME, which is made of Limestone, Marble or Chalk.

Page 66, Chap. 27, fifth paragraph, after 'Philadelphia, and,' insert *the latter*. Seventh paragraph, after 'Baltimore and,' insert *the latter*.

*** According to the latest systems of Entomology, the Spider, as on page 36, should not be classed with *insects*; but as the work was prepared for small children, popular rather than exact scientific arrangement and language was the aim of the writer.

CONFESSION OF A DRUNKARD.

The following will be read with deep interest, when it is considered that it came from the pen of the lamented Charles Lamb.

'Could the youth to whom the flavor of his first wine is delicious as the opening scenes of life, or the entering upon some newly discovered paradise, look into my desolation, and be made to understand what a dreary thing it is when a man shall feel himself going down a precipice with open eyes and passive will—to see his destruction, and have no power to stop, and yet to feel it all the way emanating from himself; to perceive all goodness emptied out of him, and yet not be able to forget a time when it was otherwise; to bear about the piteous spectacle of his own self ruins; could he see my fevered eye—feverish with last night's drinking, and feverishly looking for this night's repetition of the folly: could he feel the body of death out of which I cry hourly with feebler and feebler outcry to be delivered—it were enough to make him dash the sparkling beverage to the earth in all the pride of its mantling temptation!

Oh, if a wish to transport me back to those days of youth, when a draught from the next clear spring could slake any heats which summer suns and youthful exercise had power to stir up in the blood; how gladly would I return to thee; pure element! the drink of children, and of child-like hermits! In my dreams I can fancy my cool refreshment purling over my burning tongue. But my waking stomach rejects it. That which refreshes innocence only makes me sick and faint.

But is there no middle way betwixt total abstinence and the excess which kills you? For your sake, reader, and that you may never attain to experience, with pain I must utter the painful truth, that there is none, none that I can find. In my stage of habit, (I speak not of habits less confirmed, for some of them I believe to be prudential,) in the stage to which I have reached, to stop short of that measure which is sufficient to draw on torpor and sleep—the benumbing appoplectic sleep of the drunkard—is to have taken none at all. The pain of self-denial is all one. And what that is, I had rather the reader should believe on my credit, than know on his own trial. He will come to know it whenever he shall arrive at the state in which, paradoxical as it may appear, reason shall only visit him through intoxication, for it is a fearful truth, that the intellectual faculties, by repeated acts of intemperance, may be driven from their orderly sphere of action. Their clear day-light ministries, until they shall be brought at last to depend for the faint manifestation of their departing energies upon the returning periods of the fatal madness to which they owe their devastation. The drinking man is never less himself than during his sober intervals. Evil is so far good.

Behold me, then, in the robust period of life, reduced to imbecility and decay. Hear me count my gain, and the profits which I have derived from the midnight cup.

Twelve years ago, I was possessed of a healthy frame of mind and body. I was never strong, but I think my constitution, for a weak one, was as happily exempt from a tendency to any malady, as it was possible to be. I scarcely knew what it was to ail any thing. Now, except when I am losing myself in a sea of drink, I am never free from those uneasy sensations in head and stomach, which are so much worse to bear than any definite pains and aches.

At that time, I was seldom in bed after six in the morning, summer and winter. I awoke refreshed, and seldom without some merry thoughts in my head, or some piece of song to welcome the new-born day. Now, the first feeling which besets me, after stretching out the hours of recumbence to their fast possible extent, is a forecast of the wearisome day that lies before me with a secret wish that I could have lain on still or never awaked.

Life itself, my waking life, has much of the confusion, the trouble, and obscure perplexity of an ill dream. In the day time I stumble upon dark mountains.

Business which, though never particularly adapted to my nature, yet as something of necessity to be gone through, and therefore best undertaken with cheerfulness, I used to enter upon with some degree of alacrity, now wearies, affrights, perplexes me. I fancy all sorts of discouragements, and am ready to give up an occupation which gives me bread, from a harrassing conceit of incapacity. The slightest commission given me by my friend, or any small duty which I have to perform for myself, as giving orders to a tradesman, &c., haunts me as a labor impossible to be got through. So much the springs of action are broken.

The same cowardice attends me in all my intercourse with mankind. I dare not promise that a friend's honor, or his cause, would be safe in my keeping, if I were put to the expense of any manly resolution in defending it. So much the springs of moral action are deadened within me.

My favorite occupation in times past, now cease to entertain. I can do nothing readily. Application, for ever so short a time, kills me. This poor abstract of my condition was penned at long intervals, with scarcely any attempt at connexion of thought which is now difficult to me.

The noble passages which formerly interested me in history or poetic fiction, now only draw a few weak tears allied to dotage. My broken and dispirited nature seems to sink before any thing great and admirable.

I perpetually catch myself in tears, for any cause or none. It is inexpressible how much this infirmity adds to a sense of shame, and a general feeling of detorioration.

These are some of the instances concerning which I may say with truth, that it was not always so with me.

Shall I lift up the veil of my weakness any further? or is this disclosure sufficient?

FOR THE REGISTER AND OBSERVER.

DEDICATION AT SHIRLEY.

The meeting house of the First Parish in Shirley was reopened, and in its improved and beautiful form dedicated to the worship of God, on the 27th ult. Services appropriate to the occasion, were performed by Rev. Mr Chandler Pastor of the Society; Rev. Mr Wilson formerly of Petersham and Rev. Mr Babbidge of Pepperell.

While the building externally retains the characteristic appearance of the ancient New England churches, its interior combines various modern improvements, and for neatness, good taste and good workmanship, will compare well with any similar edifice anywhere.

It reflects great credit on this society that with small means, they have accomplished a great work. Nothing but a deep sense of the importance and value of religious institutions, could have induced them to do so much so willingly, for the maintenance of rational Christianity.—While we are disposed to bestow just praise on this society, it gives us real pleasure to see one and another of the old societies among us, awaking to renewed existence and energy. A variety of causes acting upon the divided feelings of the people, have in many towns, almost annihilated the old Parishes. But instances are becoming more and more frequent, of resuscitation from what was regarded as hopeless non-existence. It shows that though for a while, the fire may seem to be utterly gone out upon the deserted altar, a spark still slumbers in the ashes, and in God's good time kindles and reillumines the temple with a more brilliant and cheering light than ever.

The Sermon by Mr Chandler was a sensible and impressive exposition of the 20th Psalm, 2nd verse, 'The Lord send thee help from the sanctuary.' The appropriate and spirited performances of the choir added very much to the enjoyment of the occasion, and a large audience appeared to have derived much satisfaction from the services of the day. B.

CHRISTIAN REGISTER.

BOSTON, NOVEMBER 9, 1839.

CHRISTIAN EXAMINER FOR NOVEMBER.

Article 1st. The Satanic School in Literature.

It contains many fine remarks on that passionate kind of writing, which scorns earth and defies heaven. It expressed according to the temperament of the author, sometimes in deep heart-wailings, sometimes in imprecations, and sometimes in fiery indignation the prevailing discontent with existing modes and institutions, and skepticism in regard to all that has passed for true and good. It was the proper production of the exhausted, arbitrary, decaying society of Europe. It is not genuine with us. It is imported. We caught the sound as it reverberated through the caverns of the moral world and tried hard to respond. But it was not real—mere mockery. And the grand talking about protests is the merest cant. We have little of that traditionary and inherited mass of folly, iniquity and wrong that excited it there and gave power to its words. A new life is flowing in rich streams through our body politic. We have little to pull down—almost every thing to build up. Our hands are full of work, and we are doing it with our might. We have broken from the past and are pursuing distant objects, vast, glorious, in the shadowy future. Satanic Literature is therefore, we repeat, mere cant, and affectation among us. They may mourn—few will weep. Most people have an abundance of other, interesting matters to attend to—though some are extremely ambitious of playing second parts—however ludicrous they may appear. The beauty and truth of the following passage all will feel.

'To speak of a countryman of Goethe, and a more loveable genius than he,—Richter; in him we have a man, whose imagination is unsurpassed in power and strangeness even by the wildest of the Satanic band, and yet whose spirit is placid and childlike. Many of Richter's lesser pieces are familiar to the English reader in good translations. Any one, who has met with his Atheist's Dream, or his Vision of New Year's Eve, will recognise a genius as wild, as that of the author of Queen Mab and Prometheus Unbound, and at the same time a calm love and faith, unknown to Shelley, which remind us of the gentler spirit of Wordsworth. Richter indeed delights in the tempest, but on its wild wave he loves to see, as he ever does see, the halcyon bird calmly floating,—its darkest clouds are gilded with light, and the falling shower ever gives rise to the Bow of Promise. His gifted genius enjoys the beautiful wish contained in one of his works;—'may your life have no clouds, that the sunshine may not gild,—no rain, that may not form a rainbow.' The objects of nature, that fill other minds with sadness, fill him with joy. The falling blossoms of spring speak to minds of the Byron school, only of hopes blighted and joys faded. The genial German, on the contrary, sees in their fall the promise of summer's rich fruits, and a beautiful emblem of that humble worth, which, in the mother or the teacher, or the quiet and unnoticed benefactor, gives blessings to the world, and dying, seems to say, like the spring blossoms, 'Willingly we die,—for before we fell off, we gave birth to the fruit.'

'Ye quiet men,'—these are his words,—'early taken from the earth, who sit unnoticed writing in your chambers; ye, who, little thought of by the world, labor in school rooms; ye noble benefactors of our race, who have no name in history, and ye unknown mothers of the great and good; be not discouraged at the sight of those, who glitter on the high places of the state, who sit on heaps of gold,—or on triumphal arches built over bloody battle-fields,—be not discouraged, for—ye are the blossoms.'

Richter's death was worthy his life. He died while composing a work on the immortality of the soul. On the bier of the soldier they place the sword and banner,—on the pall of the noble they emblazon the titles of ancestral rank. Well was it, that on the coffin of Richter they laid his unfinished work on the immortality of the soul, and bore to his grave the token of the purity of his genius, and an emblem of that destiny, which can never be fully comprehended upon earth.'

Article 2. Dickens's Oliver Twist.

It is a very favorable notice of this author's works and will be read with much interest. It speaks of the prevailing falsehood and affectation of people's lives. This is the constant strain of Mr Carlyle's writings. But altogether more applicable to the artificial society of England than to our own. Where there is a discrepancy and secret conflict between a people's institutions, modes of living, and their conceptions and ideas, life is false, hypocritical. But this is not the case here. Our institutions are the produce and expression of our conceptions, ideas and character. They are mere clay in our hands. We mould them at pleasure. And probably there is as much true, honest living here as ever was in any nation, at any time. We act, as we feel and think, and fashion the things without, in comformity to the image within. Besides, there are here no great, all pervading temptations, to induce men to *appear* what they *are not*. There are no public tables, sumptuously spread and steaming with rich viands, to which we can be admitted, by putting on a blue ribon or speaking a particular word. Life here may not be very intellectual or noble, but we think it is generally pretty honest. To act the hypocrite well, must be a troublesome business. Men will not undertake it without some strong inducement. If this writer is not satisfied with what he sees about him, we can assure him that if he will go south or cross the Alleghany mountains, he will discover an abundance of reality. He will probably become quite willing that people should *appear* a *little* better than they are. It will certainly do them no harm, and may lead to something better. We think it somewhat commendable in a man to try to appear sober, when sadly intoxicated. He is not wholly lost—he can yet dimly perceive the beauty of sobriety. Besides, according to the great apostle of this dispensation, he, who has much real life, will be the last to deplore its prevalent destitution. As to the correctness of the following passage, those can judge best, who have most carefully read the book.

'And this leads us to speak of the moral tone and tendency of the book. Though a cool and impartial observer, this writer sees things from no centre of indifference. His pictures of society judge society. He delights in exposing all that is false, conventional, and hollow in common life; the lies, which we are living, high and low; the imitation of one another's respectable vices. This he does without levity or malice, with no sneer, and in no morbid spirit. What charms us most is the healthy tone of this writer, as far from indifference, on the one hand, as from any idiosyncratic exaggeration on the other. Deeply as he goes into disgusting details, mortifying to the pride of human nature as are his sly winks at all our little vanities; much as he dwells among the most revolting scenes of a corrupt society, showing at what an expense of loathsome realities all this decency of appearance is kept up; openly as he paints us the worst, which hitherto only sneering skeptics have dared to do;—yet he does it in faith and cheerfulness. We see that he still loves man, and hopes for man. There is, in spite of all these sickening details, a something corrective in the general atmosphere of his pictures; he never lets us forget that poured round all is the blithe air of the Universe still,—that up above us there the sky is clear, and smiles down upon our scene of misery as if it knew, but forbore to tell, the solution of the riddle which torments us,—that the stars are there, that God is alive, and that this world is good. We have said that this work is *modern* in its ideas. This writer connects himself with the movement tendency of the age. The love of man shines on his pages. He is a reformer, and believes in making society better. The inference from his story is inevitable. It shows us how much crime in England is a direct and necessary product of their oppressive Poor-Law system, and how crime and depravity everywhere come, more than we think, from our want of sympathy with the poor, our small respect for man as man, our violation of the natural pledge of brotherhood. This drives men into iniquity. Beware how thou judgest the depraved, whom thou perchance hast helped to make!'

Article 3. Tracts for the Times.

It is a very fair and lucid statement of the contents, design and character of these singular productions, and some of their immediate effects on the various state of religious feeling in England. We have already pretty fully expressed our views on this subject and have nothing more to remark. The writer of this article entertains not a very favorable estimate of the condition and prospects of the Church. He says,

'The whole Controversy does but prove, what even superficial observers knew before, that the Church of England is a mass of fragments kept in a kind of rattling, sharp cornered union, by the parental authority of the State. The moment the endowments are withdrawn, there will be a scattering worse than took place at Babel. In the meanwhile every legislative measure seems to embroil the Church. The great question, whether or not free and common education shall be allowed to the people independently of the shackles of sectarianism, is not only moving the Church from its foundations, but is piercing the foundations themselves, with a severe and searching scrutiny. Truly one would think that Union and not Discord would be the employment of Churchmen. They certainly are at present setting a poor example to the flock who wait on them as commissioned by the Apostles, as possessing exclusive authority to divide Christ's mystical body, and as professing to belong to the One Holy Catholic and Apostolic Church, whose proof and glory is Unity of Faith and Heart.'

Article 4. Historical Discourses, relating to the Colony and Church of New Haven.

It will be read with much satisfaction and profit by those, who delight in inquiries about the old ways, habits and practices. The following reflection is impressive and deserves consideration. It will help us to put from our minds all regret that the glory of some things has departed or is fast departing from among us. It will leave little disposition to cast longing, if we do lingering looks upon some aspects of the past. What does the desire of ecclesiastical authority spring from, except distrust in the spiritual efficacy of our religion? We have no reason to think our Savior relied on any thing to establish his empire over man, except the application of his character and truth to conscience and the moral sentiments. It is truth, not devices and discipline that can sanctify. This kind of wisdom is foolishness with God, and this power, impotence. It can effect nothing to keep persons erect in the kingdom. It may make grave formalists, pretenders and hypocrites—but not true and honest Christians. It has been the chief obstruction to the free course and increasing glory of Christianity. It has every where paralized its simple, divine power. Men have distrusted the sufficiency of the spirit and truth of God, and have attempted to assist and back it by petty inventions, swelling words, and assumed authority. Fearing Omnipotence could not vindicate his own glory, they have dealt about damnation and thundered from their murky, fog-heavens. They have enacted laws to guard his honor, who when reviled reviled not again, who died on the cross and sits at the right hand of God. Jesus demands direct admittance to the soul, clothed only in his own tenderness, loveliness, meekness, righteousness.—But this cannot be permitted. He must go bedizened in man's livery—and suspecting the moral master may fail in his attempts at conquest he stands at a little distance brandishing, in all the pride of pomp, his carnal weapons, ready to rush to the rescue. And he does rush, and by his fierce clamors puts to flight every good spirit and rouses the energies of subsiding evil. Ecclesiastical usurpation is equally odious and pernicious, whether its decrees issue from the Vatican, Lambeth-palace, the halls of the general assembly, or some congregational star-chamber. To destroy the last vestige of ecclesiastical tyranny in this country, is an important part of the work given us to do. It is a glorious work. It demands our best efforts. Let us persevere till it is accomplished—till we have scourged from God's temples every species of traffic, and no sounds are heard there, but those of penitence, prayer and thanksgiving. It is time to give the reflection mentioned.

'In reviewing the history, civil and ecclesiastic, which is presented in these discourses, many reflections occur to the thoughtful reader, but none so readily to us as that of the bitterness of theological controversy, and of the impolicy, as well as wickedness, of all attempts at ecclesiastical usurpation. Even in Mr Davenport's day, the dispute as to the exclusive claims of church members to hold civil trusts and to elect magistrates—a claim which in these days would be dismissed in a moment as utterly preposterous—was agitated with such acrimony, and the result was so unsatisfactory, that it tempted that venerable man to complain, that 'In New Haven Colony, Christ's interest was miserably lost!' and disposed him at threescore years and ten to exchange that favored scene of his ministry, where he was honored and cherished for another, to which he was comparatively a stranger. And when, coming down to a later day,—we see consociation after consociation assembling in solemn conclave as at Brandford, the ministers leaving their own studies and flocks, where they might have been better employed, to 'deal with,' as they termed it, and if possible, depose poor Mr Robbins, and rob Brandford people of a pastor whom they loved, and all because he chose to exercise his own ministry, as was his right, in his own way; when we consider the transactions at Wallingford, of which the same Mr Dana, to whom we have just referred as the Rev Dr James Dana, was in his youth the object; and there find the council called to ordain him encountered, the same day and in the same place, by a consociation met on purpose to prevent it; and mark the unhappy issue of the stormy ordination, dividing the town, alienating brethren, producing divisions in other churches and even in the commonwealth; with the arts moreover and disgraceful practices of some individuals of those councils to effect their favorite projects;—when, in fine, we observe all this, we perceive nothing wanting to settle within us the conviction of the odious nature of ecclesiastical tyranny, and are forced to the belief, that of all communities of men, consociations, such as bore sway and flourished in New England in days happily gone by, are the least likely to bless the churches. It is recorded in relation to this, or a similar contest, that an impartial spectator, disgusted by such minglings of earthly passions with the affairs of religion, thus plainly rebuked the parties; 'gentlemen! you seem to be serving God as if the Devil was in you.'

Article 5. Selections from German Literature. By Professors Edwards and Park.

It is a favorable, but no more than a just notice of this work. With few exceptions it is distinguished by a manliness, frankness and freedom, that we delight to praise. Let this spirit predominate, full, unqualified among our opposing brethren, and the worst feature of orthodoxy has departed. We will not then contend with them very stoutly about their peculiar doctrines—not that we do not deem them of pernicious influence. But we will trust to time and increasing intelligence and accuracy of thinking to remove them. An intolerant dogmatic, severe temper, however, we cannot and will not suffer to prevail unresisted. It awakens every energy of our nature in opposition. And we will resist it so long as we can utter a word or hold a pen. We are in truth laboring more to infuse a generous, liberal, magnanimous spirit into the community than to establish or destroy doctrines. And we have not labored in vain This excellency, we acknowledge is in earthen vessels—a *little* more earthen than we could wish. But God has blessed our poor efforts. The true leaven is working all about us. All sects are making progress in a better spirit. If our brethren go on improving, we shall soon feel no desire to maintain a position in conflict with them. They will be one with us, even as Christ is one with God. This short passage is from Professor Park.

'The argument, derived from the moral character of the writers and the doctrines of the Bible, appears to increase in its relative importance, as the sensibilities of men become more refined. There are multitudes, whose attention must be aroused by the exhibition of wonders, and whose heart must be assaulted violently, or it will not be benefited at all. But there are others who are more effectually subdued by the still small voice. The argument from miracles, meeting as it does a demand of the human soul, is by no means to be undervalued; and yet this is not the kind of proof to which the majority of cordial believers in the Bible are, at the present day, most attached. They have neither the time nor the ability to form an estimate of the historical evidence, that favors or opposes the actual occurrence of miracles. They know the Bible to be true because they feel it to be so. The excellence of its morality attracts their souls; and sophistry, which they cannot refute, will not weaken their faith, resulting as it does from the accordance of their higher nature with the spirit of the Bible.'

Article 6. Mr Norton's Discourse.

This is a very able article. We concur fully with the writer. It contains much important truth that is needed and will do great good. The following passage is a sufficient refutation of that exceedingly sage and profound maxim—that physical agencies and events cannot effect moral ends. There is no energy in the cross of Christ, is there? The blood and fires of martyrdom have been powerless, have they?

'But incredulity on the subject of miracles, with very many, has its origin less 'in any process of reasoning,' than in the vague feeling that spiritual truth cannot be conveyed to the mind by outward phenomena, but must be perceived intuitively. It has become fashionable in some quarters to sneer at miracles, because they are wrought upon matter, and are discerned by the organs of sense. We are at a loss to know why, on the same ground, the whole material universe is not to be stricken from the list of man's spiritual teachers, nature proclaimed voiceless to the human soul, and the creation, with its glories and its harmonies regarded as a system of machinery devised for carnal convenience only. But is it so? Have the wise and good of all ages been deceived in believing, that 'the heavens declare the glory of God'—that 'the invisible things of Him, even his eternal power and Godhead, are

understood by the things that are made?' Do the mountains rise, and the billows break, and the thunders roll, without any message from God to the soul of man? Has not creation been defined, with equal truth and beauty, by mystagogues of the inmost initiation, 'the time-vesture of the Eternal,'—'the garment we see him by?' But if the ordinary phenomena of nature are fraught with lessons of spiritual truth, why may not extraordinary phenomena be charged with a like ministry? If the every day course of creation be the exponent of certain items of religious knowledge, why may not deviations from that course let us into a higher circle of truth? If the established order of the universe manifests the all-powerful and beneficent Creator and Governor, why may not an occasional interlude in that order show us the Father, unveil his upholding arm, and reveal his unslumbering Providence?'

Article 7. Lamson's Second Century Discourse.

John Allen was the first minister of Dedham. Of his successor, Mr Adams, the reviewer thus speaks.

'We can only notice that a Fast-Sermon, which he published, affords an example, among multitudes that might be quoted from the Mathers and others, of the common passion with all generations, to lament the degeneracy of the times. In this Discourse he draws a most melancholy picture of the sins and miseries of the day; among which are not those only, that might be expected in such a catalogue, coldness, and deadness, and worldliness of spirit, but 'dissentions in churches, jealousies, and slanders, with other evils, which we should least have suspected in the frugal, self-denying days of our fathers. 'We have borne,' says he, 'too high a sail. There hath been an *affectation of gallantry unbecoming our condition; too great delicacy of living;* and family government is in a great measure lost in New England.' This now was in 1678, not sixty years after the landing of the Pilgrims at Plymouth. So true it is, that, in every age, the times that *are*, have always been complained of as worse than the times that have been.'

A note on the Liverpool Controversy. After mentioning some previous discourses, the writer continues,

'Next we have a Discourse by Rev. H. Giles, 'Creeds the Foes of Heavenly Faith; the Allies of worldly Policy.' Rom. xiv. 5.—As to the first point, he shows that Creeds disqualify the mind for the pursuit of truth, generate mental apathy and mental dependence, leave no incitement for study and thought; if Astronomy had been made a Creed at the Council of Nice, and Chemistry at the Westminster Assembly, science would have exhibited a picture similar to that of religion. Creeds act as mighty temptations—as the very Satans of Theology, to the covetous and ambitious, to the weak and good. Creeds resist the developement, and embarrass the progression of truth; they are foes to Charity, and causes of contention and hatred. They have failed in their objects, and multiplied evils. 2d. Creeds foment civil strife; they have been constructed by men of stern natures, of haughty minds, and of boundless spiritual ambition. They are made in periods of religious strife, when different parties are laboring for ascendency. They become stepping stones to wealth, rank, and power. They are the creatures of the Church, and the Church is the creature of the State.'

Miscellany. Scenes in Judea.

The following passage expresses the temper and views that lead to the awful ruin of the Jewish Nation.

'The Law,' said he, 'given of God to our Fathers, is no human instrument—'tis no fabric wrought by the hands of men to be altered at our pleasure, or winked out of sight at our will or convenience. It is the law of the God of Moses, and therefore wholly right, and to be obeyed and honored by those who receive it, in the spirit and in the letter, by the observance of its rites, by the keeping of its festivals, by the reverence of its Sabbaths, by the payment of its tythes—by the worship of him who founded it, and the hatred of those who would subvert it. The proper Jew is one who not only loves, but hates. The measure of contempt, that is by other nations served out to him, he returns heaped up and running over. The Jew's bond of allegiance to the Jew is not a more binding one, than that which leagues him in everlasting hatred against the gentile. Our ancestors, who with the besom of extermination and death swept the land of their inheritance of its accursd tribes, and spared neither the sucking child, nor the tender maid, nor the hoary head, are an example unto us of our day, how we should deal with any, who shall dare to set up their rest on the consecrated soil of this kingdom, not of man, but of God. And even as he of old was but a traitor, an apostate, and a rebel, who held back his hand from the slaughter of the people whom God had denoted,—the Amorite and the Hittite and the Perizite, even so is he who doth the same now. The idolatrous Canaanite of our day is the Roman and the Greek. The hand of God will ever be against us, till by the hand of those who love his law they will be driven from the land, where their presence is as blasting and mildew. I have waited, Roman, for such a day as this, and now it is come I hail it and give God thanks. I dare not disobey the voice that sounds in my ear. As for Pilate and his legions, I care for them no more than for the chaff driven of the wind. I and the few who are with me may fall a sacrifice before that altar, on which the servants of the Most High have ever freely offered up themselves. But, if for the present—it will not always be in vain. Other times shall reap the harvest.'

TEMPERANCE MEETING AT THE ODEON.

It was very large—few more could have found seats. Such facts indicate the state of feeling in our good city. Notwithstanding all that is said and all the noise made, it will yet appear that the *people* here are sound in principle and firm in the cause. Boston will vindicate the justness of her claim to the respect and gratitude of the country. It will not be recorded on the historian's page, that she obstructed the progress of a most righteous enterprise—that she was dragged from her lofty position, by most unworthy hands; her light, which shines so bright and far, will not be quenched; nor the white robes of her fair fame, indellibly soiled. She will not rear to herself a monument of everlasting shame. Her beneficent energies will not be thwarted and crushed by the fierce struggles of a combination, that would coin the tears and blood of wives and children, and draw wealth from the degradation of their weaker brethren. Clouds are hanging and flitting about her name—but they will disperse, and it will again shine forth in its well earned beauty and glory. Her moral power in these efforts will yet be felt, through the Commonwealth. A vast majority of her young men are resolute, and will easily rend the web which interest and passion are striving to throw over them.

Mr Pierpont's reception must have been exceedingly gratifying, and it evidently deeply affected him. It was almost rapturous. With such sympathy he cannot become weary or discouraged in well doing. He demonstrated by various illustrations, the importance of destroying the retail trade. Stop the communication between the cup and the lip, and the streams flow back to the reservoirs—there to stagnate and become valueless. Close the dram shops, and the distillery will soon be closed and its infernal engines cease to operate. Lop off the branches and there will be no motive to nurture and keep alive the trunk and roots. We do not use the gentleman's illustrations—they were technical, and we cannot state them. He said we are not yet awake to the appalling and enormous evils of intemperance,—rum-selling. Information has lately arrived from Hindostan of the burning of eleven females on the funeral pile of a prince. A thrill of horror runs through the civilized world. The sympathy of nations is invoked and aroused. No labors, no sacrifices, the expenditure of no amount of wealth are deemed too great, even in doubtful attempts to destroy so cruel a superstition. But what are eleven lives? How many thousands in this country are sacrificed on the altars of intemperance? How many wives among us, would with unspeakable joy, mount the funeral piles of their husbands, if they had died like Christians and not like brutes? How many souls are yearly burned out by this liquid fire—the consciences and affections of what multitudes seared as with hot irons? The country is strowed over with the graves of drunkards. They are never visited but shunned. The sight of them excites only shame and disgust in the nearest relatives. A very small number throw themselves annually into the sacred waters of the Ganges. Large armies are here swept away by the floods of intemperance. In some places children are exposed to death. But how many are here exposed to infinitely worse perils? Intemperance not only kills the body, but preys on the immortal nature.

It is not easy to illustrate the magnitude of this evil. We are so familiar with its various aspects, it is difficult to gain a vivid conception of their enormity. The truth is, there is no delusion or superstition on earth, the results of which are so shocking as those that follow the drinking of rum. There is no business or traffic so cruel and barbarous as the business and traffic in ardent spirits. We speak deliberately. We are not under the least excitement. The slave trade with all its blackness and bloody stripes, and galling chains, rises before us like the prince of fiends. But we cannot retract a syllable. We would as soon steal a man on the shores of Africa and place him amid the institutions of civilization, as day by day, deal out to a fellow creature, the liquid that is depriving him of every attribute of humanity, sinking him into a fathomless gulph of infamy and misery, from which he will probably *never* emerge, and filling his home and the bosoms of his family with the blackness of despair. Then as to the profits, we would throw them down with as much horror as Judas did the price of Christ's blood—but not like him into a consecrated place. We would not pollute the temple and service of God with such gains. We do not mean to say, or intimate that all engaged in this business are actuated by the worst or even bad motives. We are not criminating and judging. We shall fail of our purpose if we excite one angry or indignant emotion. The heart is not open to *our* inspection. Some of them we know—and because we know, love and respect them. We can allow as much as any person to habit, education, prejudice and custom. And it is not long since we were all in some way included under the same sin. We have therefore no right to speak with unmitigated severity. These dealers in alcohol do not see. They are walking in darkness. If they could be made to look on their work in a true light, clad in all its ghastly features, they would be deeply shocked. They would be pricked to the heart and cry out, in agony of soul, what shall we do to be saved? And they would gladly do any thing to remove the burden of distress, induced by their new perceptions and awakened feelings. Their incessant prayer would be, God forgive us, miserable offenders. They would not venture to lift up so much as their eyes unto heaven. For they would imagine the whole heavens clothed in burning wrath against them. And the mountains would frown on them. And the valleys would not keep silence. The light would no longer shine upon their ways, and the beautiful drapery of earth would become sackcloth.

Let there then be no vituperation. Our only object is to arrest their attention—to awaken them to consideration. We beseech them to pause and reflect. Your Savior died to relieve the world of its woes. Will you continue to multiply these woes? He suffered to wipe tears from all eyes. Will you fill thousands to overflowing? He came to bring peace to the habitations of men. Will you carry or send into them the sounds of angry discord? He came to bind up the broken heart. Will you crush the hearts of innumerable mothers, children and wives? Will you trample under feet his cross and spurn his blood? You will not—cannot do it. We beseech you to reflect before going farther. You are treasuring up anguish for yourselves. You will yet see this matter aright. And then, O the bitterness of that cup you will be compelled to drink! The law of retribution is in the depths of your nature. You cannot escape its most fearful operation. God is love, and all the weight of his righteous indignation will fall and rest on him, who is the wilful cause of misery and degradation to the least of his children. And will *your* children thank you for wealth so acquired? No, they will hang their heads in shame and sorrow when the occupation of their fathers is referred to. We have confidence in you, that you will pardon us for speaking thus plainly, what we are deeply persuaded is the truth. We have no desire to irritate, but much to do good.

INSTALLATION.

Installed, on Wednesday the 23d., Rev. Edward H. Edes over the First Parish and Church in Kennebunk. Introductory Prayer and Reading of the Scriptures by the Rev. Mr Wheeler, late of Standish, now of Topsham; Sermon by Rev. Mr Peabody, of Portsmouth, N. H; Prayer of Installation, by Rev. Mr Whitman of Portland; Charge by Rev. Dr Nichols of Portland; Right Hand of Fellowship by Rev. Mr Cole of Hallowell; Address to the people, by Rev. Mr Wells,—the former pastor of this church, now of Groton, Mass. Concluding prayer by Rev. Mr Farley of Saco. The weather was delightful—the house well filled—the music good and the performances interesting. There was much of life and feeling in the several performances, and a remarkable unity of spirit run through them all. The words of the preacher's text, 'I am the way, the truth and the life,' seemed to mark the spirit of the occasion. The pastor, the people, and the officiating clergy seemed to feel that at this period of fluctuation and extravagance in religious matters, Christ should become more and more dear to his followers—more and more, the *all in all* to them—more and more the subject of the preacher's study, the guide to his opinions, and the theme of his instructions—while at the same time he should become more and more the study and the guide of the people. The union between this ancient and respectable society and their new pastor seems to have been formed under favorable auspices, which authorize the hope that it may long continue, and be productive of much and lasting good.—*Communicated.*

CONVENTION.

On Thursday the 24th ult. the Maine Convention of Unitarian Churches, held its first annual meeting. The morning was spent in free interchange of thought in regard to the prospects of truth and the best mode of promoting its spread. Mr Cole of Hallowell preached from the words, 'freely ye have received, freely give.' He answered in a clear and satisfactory manner the objections usually alleged against efforts to spread our views.—*Communicated.*

REV. MR PIERPONT.

We insert to day Mr Pierpont's reply to the charges made against him. We found it difficult to spare so much room—but as we had published the previous documents on the subject, we supposed our readers would not hold us excusable if we kept back this important part of the discussion. It has been eagerly looked for, and will be read with gaest interest. It speaks for itself in decisive tones, and needs no comments from us. The whole affair is now before the community, and Mr Pierpont is awaiting its judgment in fearless confidence.

MEETING AT THE ODEON.

Our remarks become so much extended in connexion with our notice of Mr Pierponts speech, that we were obliged to omit all reference to the excellent speeches of Dr Jewett of Providence, and Rev. Mr Taylor of this city.

INTELLIGENCE.

Exploring Expedition.—We understand that the Exploring Expedition went as far South as lat 70 and some minutes. Large masses of ice were seen in every direction; and as the winter was coming on, it was not deemed prudent to proceed further at that time. A plenty of right whales were seen in the high latitudes. Returning to Valparaiso and Callao; the Expedition re-fitted, and then proceeded to the Sandwich Islands, and were to spend the (Southern) winter in exploring among the Pacific Islands and shoals. On the return of Spring, say about this time, they were expected to go South again, intending to gain as high a Southern latitude as the state of the ice would permit. Returning from this cruise, in the autumn (next Spring) they would visit the Columbia river, Oregon Territory, and the neighboring coast and islands, after which they would return to the United States by way of the Cape of Good Hope. They cannot be expected home much sooner than two years from the present date.—*New York Journal of Commerce.*

Intemperance and Crime.—Every person who has attended to the subject of pauperism and crime, must be satisfied that a very large portion of it proceeds from the traffic in ardent spirits. On inquiry, yesterday (Friday) at the House of Correction, we find the number of males there to be 188, and females, 138—total, *three hundred and twenty six.* In reply to the question put to Capt. Robbins, (the able Superintendant,) on the agency of alcohol in sending so many of our fellow creatures to a prison, he remarked, 'I see no reason to alter my mind in the least from what I have before stated, that nearly all have used it, and have been led by it into *crime.*' Few persons have had a better opportunity to know the truth on this great subject, than the Master of the House of Correction.—*Boston Mercantile Journal.*

The Steam Packet which is to run between St. Johns, (N. B,) and Boston, is called the North America. She is a thorough-built sea-boat,—is rigged as a three-masted schooner. St. Johns will now be within two days of the great emporium of the United States, New York. It is expected that she will make her trip from St. Johns to Boston in thirty-six hours.

Canada.—The new Governor General of the Canadas arrived at Montreal on Wednesday last.—Sir George Arthur, the Lieut. Governor of Upper Canada, was expected to arrive there on Thursday.—Sir John Colbourne was to embark, with his family, at Quebec, in the Pique frigate, for England, on Wednesday.

From the Sandwich Islands.—We have received from a friend the Sandwich Island Gazette, of April 6. It is dressed in mourning for the death on the 4th of the Princess Kinau, Governess of Oahu, in the 32d year of her age. She was the sister of the King Tamahamaha, and was married in 1827 to Kekumoa. She succeeded to the authority of the late Queen Regent, Kaahumaner, on her death in 1832.

Bishop Griswold.—The venerable Bishop Griswold, says the Warren Star, in his address a few weeks since, to the Diocesan Convention, observed that since he exercised the Episcopal office, a period of twenty-eight years, that he had admitted one hundred and eleven to the order of Priests; and during the same period he had administered the rite of Confirmation to nine thousand eight hundred and fifty three persons; and in the same time must have travelled about seventy thousand miles.

A homicide of rather a single character was perpetrated last Thursday near Syracuse, N. Y. A pedlar bending under the weight of his pack, encountered on one of the by-roads of that region a foot pad who demanded his money. The pedlar handed out his pocket book. 'Is that all,' asked the robber.—'No,' said the pedlar. 'Well then, fork up, and be quick!' The pedlar put his hand in his bosom, drew out a pistol, and shot the robber through the heart. The body was recognized as that of a convict just discharged from the Auburn prison.

The Hon. Joseph M. White, long and extensively known as one of the most distinguished politicians and ablest jurists of his day, departed this life, at the residence of his brother, Dr. White, in this city, on Saturday last, about one o'clock, P. M. The deceased arrived here about two or three weeks ago, accompanied by his lady. Shortly after his arrival he was seized with congestive fever which has terminated in the loss, to our common country, of one of her brightest ornaments, and one of whom his friends and acquaintances speak as possessing in an eminent degree, all that amiability and suavity of manners, with that warmth and fervency of friendship, which endears the friend and companion.—(St. *Louis Rep. Oct.* 21.

The New Orleans papers caution young men very strongly against rushing into that city after the subsiding of an epidemic, in hope of entering immediately into business, and advise no man to come to New-Orleans without funds, in the hope of immediately finding business. The same advice will undoubtedly apply to all cities.

From Texas.—By the arrival of the steam packet Columbia, we have received our files of Galveston and Houston papers—the first to the 18th, and the second to the 17th inst. both inclusive. The Houston Intelligencer of the 17th states that the yellow fever was in that city as well as in Galveston. Several fatal cases of decided black vomit had occurred in the former place. Some of the oldest and most respectable citizens had fallen victims to the epidemic. Among others, Hon. Henry Humphreys, chief justice of the county of Harrisburg; Hon. Robert Barr, post master general, and Dr. Edmond R. Anderson.

A letter from Austin, the new seat of government, dated Oct. 1st, mentions that the city presents quite a commercial and business like appearance. The boarding houses were full to overflowing. Wagons were constantly arriving, laden with goods and chattels. Three spacious hotels, beside many smaller buildings, were in process of erection. The first number of a new paper, to be called the 'Austin City Gazette,' was soon to make its appearance.

The Slave Trade—The N. Y. Journal of Commerce publishes the following extract from a letter, dated Havana, early in October:

'Within the last ten days, four Guineamen have sailed for Africa under the American flag. Last week three full cargoes of slaves arrived in American bottoms, under the Portuguese flag; but each vessel brought back an American captain.

An arrival at New York gives us European intelligence to Sept. 29th.

England.—The harvest of wheat is coming in short. Large orders had been sent to the continent for grain, and the fact that a large amount of specie must be sent from the country in payment for it, had led to a general belief that the Bank of England would suspend specie payments.

Private letters state that the crops are not as bad as the papers represent them; and the Barings wrote that the Bank of England will not suspend specie payments.

France.—A treaty with Texas was signed at Paris on the 25th Sept. but would not be published until ratified by the Senate of Texas.

Disturbances have occurred in several places, in consequence of the anticipated scarcity of grain.

The King it seems was again under apprehensions for his life; and strict precautions were taken for his safety whenever he appeared in public.

A plan for colonizing New-Zealand has been got up in Paris, and taken into consideration by the ministry.

The whole amount of the deposite in the Savings Bank of Paris is £2,000,000 sterling. Among the institutions of this kind in France are banks for the deposites of children, in which sums as low as five centimes, or half a sous, are received.

Spain.—Late French papers state that the King of the French has deputed the Duke de Cazes to negociate with Don Carlos the formal renunciation of his claim to the Spanish throne.

Portugal.—A letter from Lisbon dated Sept. 16 says, 'The timely discovery of a deeply laid Miguelite conspiracy, with extensive ramifications throughout the kingdom, has in a great measure diverted the attention of the government and newsmongers, for the time, from the now monotonous slave trade suppression bill. The particulars of the plan have not yet transpired. There is no doubt than many individuals resident in the northern provinces are implicated in this cabal, and that it has moreover been hatching for some considerable time; and, had it been brought to maturity, might have been productive of serious consequences and inconveniences.'

Portuguese Sunday Amusements.—The following is an extract from a recent letter from Lisbon. With such an example from Royalty what have we to expect from the people.

The Queen and her husband, together with all his royal relatives, went yesterday to the bull-fight at the Campo Santa Anna, being the first day of the season. These amusements, which were put down some time back, are now revived, and continue every Sunday during the summer. The Infanta Donna Anna, with many of the nobles, and at least 500 other persons, were present. The Queen appeared to enjoy herself amazingly, (I believe it is the first time she has witnessed a bull-fight here) and the King, who also appeared much diverted, threw handsful of silver repeatedly down to the combatants when any feat of superior dexterity or greater daring than usual was performed. Five of the men who attacked the bull were carried out more or less injured, by being tossed or trampled on.

Holland.—The royal family of the Netherlands are in trouble in consequence of the resolution of the King, sixty-seven years old, to marry the Countess de Outromont, to which his children are vehemently opposed, because, first, she is not of a sovereign family; second, because she is by birth a Belgian, and was lately first lady of honor to the Queen of that kingdom; and finally, because she is a Catholic. All this, however, does not shake the determination of the old King, who has declared, it is said, that he would rather abdicate than forego the marriage. The Countess is forty-two years of age. She had gone to Rome to obtain a dispensation authorizing her to marry a protestant.

Greece.—By letters from Athems of Aug. 15th the present state of Greece is represented as deplorable, from the mischiefs inseparable from Bavarian protection. King Otho is now universally regarded as an idiot by his subjects, and every act of his government is calculated to confirm such an impression.

East Indies.—The death of Runjeet Singh, the astute and powerful ruler of the Punjaub, is at length announced, and trouble was anticipated in consequence. His quota of troops sent in aid of the Anglo-British invasion of Affghanistan, as soon as they heard of his death, betook themselves to their heels, leaving their British commander, Col. Slade, almost alone.

Four of Runjeet Singh's wives, and seven slave girls, mounted his funeral pile and were burnt to death.

Later From Europe.—By the Great Western London papers to Oct. 18th have been received. The accounts both respecting the harvests and the state and prospects of commercial affairs, were more favorable.

In reference to the harvests, the New York American says, after stating the facts gathered from the English papers,

'Under these circumstances, there is not much probability of any considerable export of bread stuffs from this country to England.'

In reference to money affairs, the New York Express says,—

The effect of the Foreign News upon the money market and upon stocks, has been generally favorable. There is no doubt that the United States Bank will meet all its Bills drawn on London and Paris, which very much relieves the anxiety of parties interested here. Stocks have all gone up, and there is a good deal better feeling in the street. The holders and shippers of Flour are also elated with their prospects of doing better with what has been exported, than they could have safely calculated upon when the export was made.

We have collected from the papers the following items of news.

The Queen's Marriage, &c—From a source which has frequently supplied us with accurate information, we learn that the prevalent report of the Queen's approaching marriage with Prince Albert of Saxe Coburg is not ill founded: and that the union will probably be announced when parliament meets. —*London Spectator.*

Miss Julia Webster, daughter of Daniel Webster, was married at the fashionable St. George's, Hanover-square, on the 24th of September, to Samuel Appleton, Esq. of Boston. A large and fashionable company was present at the ceremony. Among whom we notice 'the American minister and lady, and Mr. Rush, the Belgian minister and Madame Van de Weyer, Sir Henry Halford, Bart', two of Mr. Webster's associates in the Senate of the United States—Mr. Linn of Missouri, and Mr. Young of Illinois. After the ceremony the company partook of a *dejeune* with Mr. Webster, at the Brunswick Hotel; after which the married couple left London on a tour.'

An Irish Company has established in France an extensive linen manufactory. They have carried over to France a large number of Irish girls, to be employed in the spinning mills, and in teaching the peasantry of the neighborhood of the establishment.

Some of the private letters state that the assembling of Parliment even before Christmas is an event by no means improbable. The approaching marriage of the Queen is the cause assigned for this unusual course of proceeding; and it is further added, that should Ministers tender their resignations, and her Majesty adhere to her former resolution, that an immediate dissolution of Parliament is the course Lord Melbourne proposes to adopt as the best means of showing that his administration is not sustained by popular opinion. Perhaps he imagines that such an appeal, even with an unfavorable result, would better cover his retreat than a direct withdrawal from a position no longer tenable.—*Dublin Mail.*

China.—It is stated that Government, in reply to despatches brought from China by the Ariel, have ordered that Canton be placed in a state of blockade. These instructions are going forward by the new clipper 'Mor,' expressly engaged for the occasion.

Turkey and Egypt.—Nothing decisive had yet taken place in the affairs of these two powers; and the accounts are so vague and contradictory that it is impossible to arrive at any definite conclusion as to their actual position. A letter from Turkey, in one of the Paris papers, thus states the situation of the mediating powers.

'What do the Russians want?—To invade the Ottoman Empire. What do the English want?—To hinder the invasion and to overthrow the Egyptian power. The Austrians are of the same opinion: and what do the French want?—To maintain the Egyptian power, to defend the Ottoman Empire, and to prevent any collision. Now Russia tends to invade the Ottoman Empire; but France, England and Austria oppose this. Austria and England desire the destruction of the Egyptian power; but Russia and France oppose this plan. Hence there results such a great divergency of conflicting interests that a collision is impossible. What then is done? The parties make a show of force, and try which can outwit the other. In the end, after having surveyed each other from head to foot, the powers will retire. Such will be, in the nineteenth century, the termination of the grand affairs of the Levant.'

Spain.—The Spanish government had proclaimed a general amnesty to all who have submitted or shall submit to the Queen.

Permission had been received at Bordeaux, from Madrid, for all Spanish officers, except Generals and Colonels, to return into Spain, and avail themselves of the amnesty.

SCHOOL LECTURES.

The eighth lecture will be given at Tremont Hall, opposite the Savings Bank, on Wednesday, Nov. 13th, at half past 3 o'clock, P. M., by Mr Lewis G. Pray. Subject—Moral Government of Schools.

G. F. THAYER, for the Committee.

MARRIAGES.

In this city, Nov. 5, by Rev. Dr Parkman, Mr James H. Morgan to Miss Caroline Augusta Wells.

In this city, by Rev. Mr Greenwood, George Tyler Bigelow, Esq: to Miss Anna S. daughter of Edward Miller, Esq.

In this city, by Rev. Mr Gray, Mr Edmund W. Loring, of Boston, to Miss Mary R. Adams, of Watertown.

In this city, by Rev. Mr Pierpont, Mr John H. Burrill, of Scituate, to Mrs Eliza J. Kinsley, of Boston.

In this city, Nov. 3, by Rev. Dr Jenks, Mr Frederick W. Faulkner, to Mrs Zerebina Lovett.

In West Cambridge, by Rev. Mr Damon, Mr Benjamin Snow, of Fitchburg, to Miss Anna Stearns, of Lunenburg.

In Barnstable, Nov. 4, Mr John Gray, firm of Reed & Gray, of Boston, to Miss Sarah G. daughter of the late Albert Davis, Esq. of Barnstable.

DEATHS.

In this city, Nov. 3, Mrs Lucy Ann, wife of Mr Abel Tompkins, 23.

In this city, Nov. 2, Mr Lyman P. Bowker, Usher in the Adams Grammar School, 20.

In Dorchester, Oct 31, suddenly, Mr Elihu Wales.

In Danvers, Oct. 7th, Mr Daniel F. Putnam, of Typhus fever, 35.

In New York city, 3d inst. Louisa, child of Rev. Orville Dewey, 4 years.

In St. Augustine, 22d ult., Capt. John Houston, master of brig Cashier, of Belfast.

In Carlisle, Pa., Oct. 16, Miss Catherine, fourth daughter of Com. Jesse D. Elliott, 16.

CHURCH LAMPS, COMMUNION WARE &c. THE subscribers offer for sale at their Warehouse a general assortment of Church Lamps, consisting of Chandeliers of all sizes, Hanging Astral and Brackett Lamps for the Gallery, Wall or Organ and Pulpit Lamps, &c. Lamps of every description manufactured to order at short notice. Communion Services, of different sizes.

Also, a complete assortment of House-furnishing articles—Lamps, Silver and Plated Waxes, Clocks, Trays, Cutlery, &c, all of which will be sold on low terms.

HARRIS & STANWOOD,
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CHURCH BELLS.—Warranted of as fine tone as any made in this country, for sale by the subscribers at twenty four cents per lb.—Old Bells recast at short notice—orders by mail or otherwise will meet with prompt attention.

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24 Commercial St., Boston
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WOOD AND COALS.

500 Cords Nova Scotia Wood.
1000 Tons first quality Red Ash Coal, for Grates.
300 Tons first quality White Ash Coal, for Furnaces.
600 Chaldron New Castle, Orrel, Sydney, and Cannel Coal for Grates and for Smith use.
100 Chaldon Scotch Coal, a superior article for Grates or Smith use.

For sale by MOSES FRENCH, JR.
Main Wharf Broad Street,
near the bottom of Summer Street.
sep 7 3m

ANNUALS FOR 1840.—The Token and Atlantic Souvenir.
Friendship's Offering and Winter's Wreath.
The Gem and Christmas and New Year's Gift.
The Pearl, or Affection's Gift.
The Garland, &c. &c. &c. For sale by JOSEPH DOWE, 22 Court Street. Oct. 26.

THE MISSES HUNT,
FEMALE PHYSICIANS,
No. 32 Green street, nearly opposite the head of Leveret street, Boston,

GRATEFUL for the extensive patronage they have received, would respectfully give notice to the Ladies, that they still continue to attend to their profession.

Hours for seeing patients from 9 till 5. 1y n9

HAYWARD'S GAZETTEER of New-England. 15,000 copies of this work have already been sold by the publishers and their agents in New-England. A beautiful View of Boston is contained in the last edition, which, together with the accurate and valuable account of every town in New-England, renders it of great service to every man of business, to the traveller, and all who would examine into the history and present condition of this part of the U. S.—$1,50.

A few good Agents can find employment in canvassing for this work. WEEKS, JORDAN & CO., 121. Washington street. nov. 9.

CHEVALIER'S UNITED STATES.—The very general favor with which this work has been received, fully sustains the recommendatory notices of those who have read the French edition, and of the press.

A writer in the 'Daily Advertiser' says—'He speaks of our civil institutions, of the policy of our government, and of the manners and character of the people, with far more intelligence, discrimination and correctness than any traveller, French or British. He does not flatter or abuse us, but writes with equal candor and intelligence.'

Published by WEEKS, JORDAN & CO., 121 Washington street. nov. 9.

CHRISTIAN EXAMINER for November,—just published. Contents,
The Satanic School in Literature and its Reformers
Dickens's Oliver Twist
Tracts for the Times
Historical Discourses
German Selections
Mr Norton's Discourse
Lamson's Second Century Discourse
Scenes in Judea, by the author of Zenobia
Notices and intelligence
Published by JAMES MUNROE & CO. n9

LAST DAYS OF THE SAVIOR, from the German of Olshausen.

'This book can be recommended as pure and edifying, and calculated to excite a new interest in circumstances whose sublimity is unrivaled on earth.' —Chr. Examiner for Nov.

Just published and for sale by JAMES MUNROE & Co. 134 Washington street. n9

PIERPONT'S RAZOR STRAPS.—A few of these fine Razor Straps received and for sale by JAMES MUNROE & CO., 134 Washington st.

HERODOTUS. — JAMES MUNROE & CO. will shortly publish an edition of Herodotus, with English Notes, edited by C. S. Wheeler, Instructer in Harvard University. This edition is designed for Schools and Colleges, and will be printed from the text of Schweighaeuser, with a few emendations. 1 vol. 8vo and 12mo. n9

NEW TRACT.—Jesus Christ the Chief Corner Stone, by G. R. Noyes, D. D.
Published by JAMES MUNROE & CO., agents for A. U. A. n9

NEW BOOKS. — The Subscribers have lately published the following books by popular authors;—
Poems by Mrs Follen, author of 'Married Life,' 'Well Spent Hour,' &c.
Traditions of Palestine, by Harriet Martineau; new edition.
A Visit to the Country, by Miss Cabot, author of 'Helen and Maria,' &c.
The Well Bred Boy; or New School of Good Manners.
Tales, Ballads &c. by Mrs Caroline Gilman.
For sale, together with a good collection of new and popular books, by WILLIAM CROSBY & CO. 118 Washington street. n9

THE LITTLE HAYMAKERS, a story for Children. For sale by WM. CROSBY & Co. n9

DEWEY'S DISCOURSES.—Discourses on various subjects, by Rev. Orville Dewey.
For sale by WM. CROSBY & CO. n9

THE WELL BRED BOY, or New School of Good Manners. Contents—The Morning; The School; The Evening; Sunday; Lectures; The Sick Chamber; The Party of Pleasure; Conclusion.
This day published by
WM. CROSBY & CO.
nov 9 118 Washington street

THE ORIENTAL ANNUAL, for 1840, containing a series of Tales, Legends, and Historical Romances, by Thomas Bacon Esq.; with splendid engravings, by W. & E. Finden; elegantly bound in morocco and gilt.
Just received at TICKNOR'S. n9

NEW NOVEL.—Alfred de Rosarm, or the adventures of a French Gentleman; by G. W. M. Reynolds, in 2 vols.
Just received at TICKNOR'S. n9

BAKEWELL'S GEOLOGY, and DANA'S MINalogy. Fresh supplies just received at
n9 TICKNOR'S.

NEW MEDICAL WORK BY LOUIS.—Anatomical, Pathological and Therapeutic Researches on the Yellow Fever of Gibraltar of 1828; by P. Ch. A. Louis, Physician to the Hotel Dieu, &c.—from observations taken by himself and M. Trosseau, as members of the French Commission at Gibraltar. Translated from the manuscript by G. C. Shattuck, Jr. M. D. Member of the Society for Medical observation at Paris, Fellow of the Massachusetts Medical Society. This day published by
CHAS. C. LITTLE & JAS. BROWN,
n 9 112, Washington street.

ENGLISH BOOKS.—This day received per ship Russell, by CHAS. C. LITTLE & JAMES BROWN, 112, Washington Street.
Bishop Burnet's History of his own Time, with notes, 6 vols.
Alison's History of the French Revolution, 7 vols.
South's Sermons, 7 vols. Hooker's Works, 4 vols.
Anthon's Edition of Lempriere's Classical Dictionary.
Virgilius Heynii, 6vo. Milne's Poems, 2 vols.
Coxe's Memoirs of Lord Walpole, 8vo.
Bennet's Practice in the Master's Office in the Court of Chancery.
Ellis's History of Madagascar, 2 vols.
Barrow's Life of Howe, 8vo.
Life and Correspondence of Locke, by Lord King.
Howitt's Rural Life of England, 2 vols.
Percy's Reliques of Ancient Poetry, 3 vols.
nov 9

BOSTON QUARTERLY REVIEW.—The subscriber would give notice, that, since the last number of the above Review was published, in which it was stated that the work would close with that volume, arrangements have been made to continue its publication, and that he has assumed the whole responsibility of the publishing department. Mr Brownson will also continue to be the Editor as heretofore, and the contributions of several literary and scientific gentlemen are pledged for the coming year. This work will appear promptly on the first day of January next.

The former popularity of this work, and the independent stand it has taken, are too well known and appreciated to need comment here; but as the motto of the Review is *Progress*, no doubt can be entertained of its taking for the future as elevated a stand as any periodical in the country.

BENJ. H. GREENE
nov 2 124 Washington street.

N. B. Those who wish to complete sets, or have the above Review bound, can call as above.

JUVENILE AND SABBATH SCHOOL BOOKS.—A good assortment of well selected Juvenile Books, including the best, issued in New York and Philadelphia. For sale by JOSEPH DOWE, 22 Court Street. Oct. 26.

A Gentleman, a graduate of Harvard University, who has had some experience as a teacher, is desirous with his wife of taking charge of a school or seminary,—would prefer it of young ladies,—having no objection to a healthy situation *South* or *West*. The most satisfactory references can be given as to character and qualifications. Address 'M. B. S., Boston, Mass.' 5t o12

FAMILY OIL STORE.

THE Subscriber would inform his friends and the Public, that he has added to his Oil and Candle Establishment, 109 State Street, a Retail Department, for the purpose of supplying families with pure Spermaceti Oil, which he will warrant in all cases to burn freely, and without crusting the wick. And he will send it to all parts of the city free of expense.
sep 7 HENRY CLAPP, JR.

PURE SPERM OIL.

E. T. HASTINGS & Co., 101 State street, have constantly for sale Winter, Fall, and Spring strained Sperm Oil, of first quality, for family use. Oil canisters of various sizes.

Oil sent to any part of the city, free of expense.
jan 13 1stf

(Concluded from first page.)

the middling member should have been consenting to my death on account of my 'anti-masonry,' is not a little surprising. 'Et tu Brute!' (Let not the gentlemen understand me here to call him a *brute*. It is the latin exclamation of the dying Cæsar, when

'the well beloved *Brutus* stabbed.')

That so zealous an anti-mason as was this gentleman at that time, should so far forget his old sympathies as to put his name to a charge like this against me, is certainly what I did not expect.—

—'Tis strange, 'tis passing strange!
'Tis pitiful, 'tis wondrous pitiful!
I wish he had not done it.

My offences under this head, however, have been few and far between. For even those few, may I not find forgiveness in the eyes of the most wealthy of all my parishioners—a man whom I love for his many excellent qualities, whom I honor for his integrity, to whom I can never cease to be grateful for his pecuniary liberality to me—liberality for which I can make him no return but professional fidelity to him and his—may I not find forgiveness in his eyes for this offence, when he considers that it was he who furnished my table with anti-masonic books, and sent daily to my door the light that broke forth from the anti-masonic press?—Will not the very gentleman, who at the second meeting—the first adjourned—of the Proprietors, last month, introduced the Preamble and Vote, which became the basis of all the subsequent proceedings against me, show me some little pity in respect to my sin of anti-masonry, when he remembers, if he can remember, who it was that waited upon me, in anti-masonic days, with a request that I would open with prayer an anti-masonic Convention; and who it was, that on returning the manuscript which he had borrowed for perusal, of the only anti-masonic sermon that I ever preached, left in my hand a valuable token of his approbation? Yet the hands of both these gentlemen are now against me; and if we are to believe the report of your Committee, gentlemen, one of my grave offences is my *anti-masonry*.

No. 4. *Phrenology.* The report under consideration speaks of 'every exciting topic that the ingenuity of the fanatic at home, or the imported Mountebank could conjure up to disturb the public mind. If one were asked which of all this list of exciting topics, have been produced at home, and which are of foreign origin, he must answer, 'Imprisonment for debt' is domestic. 'The Militia Law' is domestic. 'Anti-Masonry' is domestic; 'Temperance,' certainly domestic; 'Abolition of Slavery,' domestic. Phrenology is, then, the only one of these topics which is clearly an imported article. And is any thing or any man, the worse or the better for being imported? The first Bible that was ever read in New England was imported. I know it is fashionable in some circles to laud and run after, as in some parties it is customary to condemn a man, because he is a foreigner. If he is a philosopher or a philanthropist, it is a reproach that he is a foreigner.—If an adventurer, or a man of fashion, the same consideration is his passport to 'good society.' But the reason or propriety of this in either case, I have never been able to see. To me it seems that the true question is not, *Whence* is the man? but *What* is the man? Does the last named member of the majority of your committee, as an editor, think the less of his 'Intelligence,' because it is imported? Does the Chairman, himself, think the worse of his Russia or Swede's iron, because it is imported?—If he does, I may for the same reason think the worse of my mental philosophy. I am sure, gentlemen, that the first named of the minority of two, whom I now address, is not deemed by his fellow worshippers as the less worthy of being placed upon their most important Committee, because he was imported; nor do his fellow citizens in this city of his adoption, regard himas the less qualified, on that account, to represent their interests in the Legislature of this Commonwealth. I know not why even an 'imported Mountebank' may not be as good as a native. Shade of the lamented Spurzheim! forgive the man who thus dishonors thee. Dishonors *thee*? No, no man can dishonor any other than himself. Thou wast honored in thy life as few in this land have been. Thou wast honored in thy death and thy funeral obsequies as, in this generation, no other man has been. The munificent merchant of Boston, who gave thy bones a resting place in the sacred shades of Mt. Auburn, and placed over them that beautiful copy of the tomb of Scipio, was content to cut thy name upon its front, as thine only epitaph; feeling that wherever science was honored or philanthropy loved, no other could be needed. It was left for the chairman of a Committee of Hollis Street Society to express his own views of thy philosophy and thy worth; and under the name of 'Spurzheim,' he writes, '*the imported Mountebank!*'

Yes, Gentlemen, I *have* entered, somewhat, into the 'exciting topic' of Phrenology. I was a hearer of Dr. Spurzheim, and have since been and mean again to be, a hearer of the lectures of George Combe. To those two 'imported Mountebanks' I feel myself more indebted for instruction in the philosophy of the mind, and upon the conditions of the healthy manifestation of the mental powers, than to all other men living or dead. If in attending to their instructions, spoken or written, I have myself been a loser, if, by my attention to phrenology I have palsied my intellect and weakened my powers of manifesting mental action, *they* shall have all the advantage of my weakness who have dragged me into this controversy with themselves and the people of my charge.

No. 5. '*Temperance.*' *Guilty, guilty, guilty!*—On this count, gentlemen, I shall make no defence. *Nolo Contendere*: 'I will not contend with my adversaries.' I would gladly make full confession of *all* my offences, in this behalf, but that 'how great is the sum of them!' Sundays and week days, by daylight and candle light, by lamp light and moon light; 'at sundry times, and in divers manners,' in sermon and in song, in prose and in poetry, in rhyme and blank verse; in conventicles and conventions, in city and country, on both sides of the Alleghanies and both sides of the Atlantic; in pulpit heterodox, and in pulpits orthodox; in stage coach and steamer; in winter and summer; by petition and persuasion—chiefly by 'moral suasion,' have I labored on this 'exciting topic.'—My trespasses on this score should be laid with a '*continuando*;' for I have continued, and hope to continue them. In the language of the psalmist, 'I acconowledge my transgression, and, this, my sin, is ever before me.'

But this is *not* the head and front of my offending;' so say the proprietors' solemn PROTEST of Sept. 1839.

O, no. When, just before the annual meeting, six years ago and just after the effervescence in the society, occasioned by the publication of a very imperfect, and in some points false, report of an address that I had made, that summer, at Saratoga, the wealthy and venerable man of whom, under the head of 'Antimasonry,' I spoke as my benefactor, called upon me at my own house, upon the subject of the excitement produced by the report of that address; and, when, after calling his attention to a particular case of ruin wrought by rum in one of the families of my parish, and saying to him, 'Sir, on this subject I can *not* hold my peace, come what may;' he replied to this effect, 'Well, I hope you will touch the business as gently as you can, seeing how many of your people have supported their families by it:' the main spring of movement, at that time, in the interest that he came to represent, was not, forsooth, my course in regard to the Temperance Reformation, but my having some six or eight years before, constructed—the Doric Fireplace!

When *at* the annual meeting, the same year, the same great distiller of New England Rum, who, at the first meeting this year, began the present movement, introduced a motion that my salary should be reduced five hundred dollars; it is not to be believed that he was moved thereto by my course in regard to the Temperance question, but by what I had said, twelve years before, about—'*Imprisonment for Debt!*'

When, at the first annual meeting last year, the votes were introduced, expressing the regret of 'many members of the Society' for my zeal in 'those exciting topics which divide and disturb the harmony of the community;' and their belief that I was not warranted 'as a Christian minister in interfering with the established laws of the land'—those votes could not possibly have had any reference to the Suffolk County Memorial to the Legislature of this Commonwealth, praying for an alteration of the old laws licensing the sale of ardent spirits, which Memorial I plead guilty to the charge of having written—nor, yet, could they refer to a petition to the Legislature that went up from our House of Correction, that the dram shops of the Commonwealth might be no longer protected by its laws, which petition I also wrote for the signature of the inmates of that prison-house—no, those votes could not have referred to that interference of mine with the Anti License Law of 1828, although they are now on the files of Hollis Street Society, in the hand writing of one who, though a proprietor, has not, for six or eight years, been a worshipper in Hollis Street Church, but was then and is now largely concerned in the traffic in liquors, and was even a leading member of a committee of grocers then lately organized for the avowed purpose of defeating the law just mentioned. That serious movement against me could not have had its origin in my course and efforts in regard to the 'exciting topic' of *Temperance*; but must have arisen entirely from my interference, years before, with—'the *Militia Law.*'

When one member of the committee that, in pursuance of those votes, was appointed, and waited upon me, to confer with me upon my duties in relation to the Society, in the discharge of his commission, and in direct and exclusive reference to the business most likely to be affected by the present Anti-License Law, said to me—'Sir, the people at this part of the city are a business people. They pay as they go along; and, if you don't let them alone, they won't let you alone;' he could not have meant that my zeal in the Temperance cause was 'the head and front of mine offending,' but, my not letting my people alone in the business of *doing military duty*, and *imprisoning other people for debt!*

When I am officially informed that the preamble and vote which constitute the basis of all *this* year's action against me, were introduced, at the first adjourned meeting, by one who is, and, for a long business life, has been engaged in the traffic in intoxicating drinks; the solemn 'protest' of the proprietors forbids me to suppose that he feels that the profits of his business have been, or will be, affected unfavorably by my zeal in the Temperance cause; and it gives me to understand that his efforts, to displace me from my pulpit, are all prompted by his abhorrence of—'*Phrenology.*'

When a few months since, three pews in Hollis Street Church were sold by auction, for taxes, and were all bought up by three distillers,* one of whom was not, is not, and never has been a worshipper in the Church; and, thus, three more levers were applied to the work of prying up my pulpit; it cannot be supposed that this was done because the rum interest wanted *levers*, but because it did *not* want—'*screws.*'

When, at the first meeting this year, Mr Windsor Fay submitted to the Proprietors the question, 'Whether in the opinion of this meeting, the usefulness of the Rev. John Pierpont is at an end or not?'—What could have induced him to bring forward such a measure, in so parliamentary a form? He has not been a worshipper in Hollis Street Church, for the last ten years. He was not present, then, a year ago last summer, when, speaking of American influence upon Asia, where I had previously been,—influence upon the civilization and faith of Mahometan countries, through the medium of our commerce and missions,—I adverted to the fact that casks of Rum, bearing the Boston brand, might be seen lying on the wharves of Smyrna, and was led to inquire whether, if one of our merchant vessels carries missionaries to Asia in the cabin, and New England Rum in the hold, the influence of the New World is, on the whole, a blessing to the Old, if with our religion, she takes our rum; and, when, in order to lead my people to a just decision on this point, I proposed to them from the pulpit, the question which, through you, gentlemen, I now seriously propose to my countrymen from the press—Whether is nearer the Kingdom of God, the sober believer in Mahomet, or the drunken believer in Jesus?—No, gentlemen, the prime mover—as of record—in this year's action against me, was not present to hear this question. But by some one, the question was reported; probably by one of those 'birds of the air,' which Solomon assures us 'shall carry the voice,' when one curseth the King. Nevertheless, if we are to believe the 'Protest' of the Proprietors, none of those sayings disquieted the wealthy distiller. As he mused the fire burned. The rum distilled as the dew, and his meditation upon the profits was sweet. He heeded not the hail from Hollis Street pulpit, that rattled upon the copper of his still—his still, 'whose worm dieth not, and whose fire is not quenched,' even on the Christian Sabbath. He forgot all my naughty speeches, forgave all my cold water canticles;—nothing rankled in his bosom against me, but the '*Books*' that I had made for his children's use, and the '*Razor Strap,*' that I had made for my own!

No. 6. 'Last of all, and above all, the *Abolition of Slavery*, a question which threatens more than all else the destruction of our GLORIOUS UNION.'

I cannot but think, gentlemen, that in this cause of offence, the fears of your colleagues, that look before, are stronger than their facts that lie behind them. What are the facts in this case? The abolition of slavery has never, by me, been made the subject of *discussion* in my pulpit, in any such sense as is ordinarily conveyed by the term, discussion. It has in a very few instances been alluded to, or named, in connexion with other questions of public interest, and on one occasion, not in a sermon, in stating to my people some of the considerations that had prevented me from discussing, or discoursing at large upon, the subject of Anti-Slavery, I made a brief declaration of sentiments upon it, merely, as I told them at the time, to show that I had no concealments, but rather wished to have it understood exactly what my feelings upon that 'question' were. These I stated in the following words, as nearly as I could afterwards write them down.—'If I am asked whether I am an abolitionist or not, my answer will depend upon what is meant by 'an abolitionist.' If the inquirer means, a member of any society, association or party, organized for the abolition of slavery, as a political party, I am not an abolitionist. But if, by 'an abolitionist,' he means one who has a most cordial detestation of *slavery*, in all its phases and forms—personal and domestic, political and spiritual,—and one who, with this feeling, would have all forms of slavery immediately abolished, *I am an abolitionist.* For, so utterly do I detest slavery, that, were it to depend upon my single voice, this day's sun should not set on a slave, upon the face of the whole earth. And, for this single reason that slavery is a violation of the eternal law of God; and I believe that whatever good things it is the good pleasure of God that his creatures should enjoy upon the earth, they can better secure by keeping his laws than by breaking them. I have not yet felt it to be my duty to preach upon this subject; and I make this declaration merely because, upon this or any other, I desire no concealment of my opinion from my people. When I *do* feel it my duty to preach upon this subject, I shall feel myself free to do so, and shall try to preach so as to be understood.'

That is all of my abolition *preaching*. That is what I said then. I say it now; only adding, that as circumstances and times change, the pressure of duty will be felt more or less imperatively to touch in the pulpit upon this momentous question.

I learned soon after this declaration of sentiment that I had given offence by it. Very well! I thought very likely that I might give offence by it. But if I gave offence to others' feelings, I gave vent to my own;—and so long as I can give vent to my own feelings, by expressing them plainly, others may give vent to theirs, by finding fault with me.

But why this sensitiveness now? More than nineteen years ago, when the great question was before Congress whether Missouri should be admitted to 'our glorious Union,' with the curse of slavery entailed upon her, a fervent prayer went up from Hollis street pulpit, that that black cloud might be permitted to overshadow no more, than it then darkened, of our great and good land.—At that time there was enough of the love of liberty, and consequently of the hatred of slavery, alive among us, to make it impossible for the Representative of Boston feelings and interests, in Congress, to show himself in State street, on his return from Washington, without meeting some manifestation of the indignant feeling that he had excited among his constituents, by his vote on that question. At that time there was no intimation from any quarter, that an anti-slavery prayer did not go up as fervently from the people's hearts as it did from the pastor's lips. *Then*, the *extension* of slavery threatened the integrity of our glorious union. *Now*, nothing is so dangerous as its *abolition!* The former was then 'the exciting topic;' the latter now. Have God's laws altered since that time, or is it the people's hearts?—When a few more freemen shall have been shot down at the side of the printing press, by the minions of slavery; a few millions more of a free people's petitions trampled under foot by their own servants at Washington; and a few more free citizens of Massachusetts kidnapped for the slave shambles of Virginia, the people of Boston will begin to think that they *have* something to do with slavery: and if the clergy will have nothing to do with it, they will have nothing to do with the clergy.

As to the fears of the Committee, that look forward to a dissolution of 'our glorious Union,' as the effects of the anti-slavery question, I am happy to say that I do not sympathize in them. The few fears that I have, are all upon the other side.—While in this country there can be sustained a free press and a free pulpit, I have no fears for the republic. At any rate, this nation, like every other, has less to fear from its righteousness than from its wrongs. Dissolution of the Union, forsooth!—afraid of that, yet not afraid of muzzling the pulpit, and shackling the press, in a land whose greatest boast is its freedom, and whose only security its virtue! Dissolution of the Union, by those to whom their union with the free states gives hats, and shoes, and daily bread, and after all only a cat-nap sort of a sleep! When I see the merchantman at the Balize, cut herself loose from the steamer that tugs her up to New Orleans; The woodman chop off the limb that he stands upon; the town pauper dissolve his glorious union with the selectmen; or the honest tar, that has fallen overboard, apply his jack-knife with his left hand, to the rope that he holds on to with his right,—then shall I begin to fear that the slave states of America will *really* recede from their union with the free. At all events, union or no union, I will never *be* a slave myself, for fear that another man will *not stay* a slave. Yet if I must be either a pulpit slave or a plantation slave, send me to the plantation!

I believe, gentlemen, that all the items in this invoice of transgressions are now checked off.—And now, looking back upon them, is it not a little remarkable, that the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, in regard to every one of the items, with the single exception of 'Phrenology,' No. 4, has laid herself open to the same censure from this Committee of Hollis Street Society, that has fallen so heavily upon its pastor! Well there is some comfort in that. Misery, it is said, loves company, and while in good company, one may almost consent to be in disgrace. With the advancement either of light or of darkness in this Commonwealth,—I am almost afraid to say which, lest the author of this Report may think that I mean to compliment myself at his expense,—the law of Massachusetts has followed on, by a very 'striking coincidence!'—in the very direction in which the voice of the minister of Hollis street—according to this Report—has been heard, finding fault with its old position, and calling it onward to a higher and stronger. The old law of 'Imprisonment for debt' is altered in favor of humanity. The old 'militia law' is altered. The old law has been altered to a nearer conformity to the spirit of 'anti masonry.' And, if I could suppose that 'many members' of Hollis Street Society, who were aggrieved last year, by my inference with 'the laws of the land,' still felt interest enough in the Laws regulating the sale of spiritous liquors, to retain the fact in their memory, after I had mentioned it, I would also remark that the old License Laws have been altered in favor of 'Temperance!' What may yet be done with the slave laws of this nation, The Ruler of the nations, in his own time will show.

My friends, I have thus endeavored to comply with what I understood to be the spirit of your note, so far as two classes of my delinquencies are concerned, my *engaging* in certain mechanical pursuits, and my *engagedness* in certain moral 'topics,' that in the view of your colleagues are particularly 'exciting.'

There are a few other things which may be classed under the head of *particular acts*, and upon which you must indulge me, if your good nature will hold out under it, in some further remarks.

Your colleagues speak of my having stated unqualifiedly, that if God spared my life to return, after a voyage for the restoration of my health a few years ago, '*that* life should be devoted to my people.' And, still further, so late as September, of last year, I said, as I did say, '*If I have* entered too earnestly or too exclusively into a few topics that, from circumstances in which, in these days, we are all called to act, have become particularly exciting, to the neglect of others, equally important and more peculiarly within my own province, it cannot be to my people a matter of deeper regret than it is to me; and I shall faithfully endeavor to recal all undue attention from the former topics, and confine to the latter what they may rightfully claim.' Then in relation of what I have quoted, of my own, their language is. 'We *will* say it is either meant to be ambiguous, or he has changed his mind.' How so, pray tell us? Why, because 'he now says he will stand in a free pulpit or none.'

Gentlemen, do *you* see the connexion? For the life of me, I cannot. Let me ask, in the first place, whether it is possible that the majority—the *numerical* majority certainly—of your committee suppose, when I say, '*If* I have' done a particular thing, that I admit *that* I have done it? Have they not learned the difference between a supposition and an affirmation, in the English language,—between the indicative and subjunctive mood, in grammar? When either of these gentlemen says to a man who presents a bill which he, himself, thinks he has paid, '*If* I owe it, I will endeavor to pay it,' does he thereby, admit that he owes it? And if the holder of the bill says that he understands the promise as unconditional, and insists on payment, does your colleague set that man down in his books as a very clever man, in his way? Let me ask in the second place, am I to understand that my life cannot be devoted to my people, if I insist upon standing in a free pulpit or none? That is the logic of your colleagues. Is it the meaning of the Proprietors of Hollis Street Church? If so, let them by their vote, endorse the logic and the language of their mouth-piece, the Chairman of the accusing Committee. If not so, let me counsel them to speak through some other organ.

Each of the two next paragraphs of the report of your colleagues, gentlemen, contains, in spirit, and fact, though not in form, an attack upon my veracity. Though not exactly in the order of their succession, I will first notice the insinuation contained in the word 'felonious,' in the last line of the second of these two paragraphs

Those who have had even a little knowledge of the affairs of Hollis Street Church, for the last six or seven years, know that, in an anonymous Report of a Temperance address that I made at Saratoga Springs, July 4, 1833,—a report that appeared in the New York Journal of Commerce,—it was stated that I even denounced the manufacture of ardent spirits and the traffic in them as 'felonious.' On my return I found that the 'Excitement' was tremendous, among those who felt themselves attacked and grievously wronged. I felt it due both to them and to myself to state, in my pulpit, what was the simple fact, that, in respect to that offensive term, as well as at least three other points, the Report was utterly false.—I gave a whole Discourse to the subject. In relation to that particular term, addressing the Reporter, I said, in that Discourse which was and is carefully written out—'No, my friend, you put words into my mouth which I did not use. You make me say what I did not say. This I repeat; you make me say what I did not say. Moreover, if the assertion is made without qualification or restriction, it is one which I do not believe.'—And again—'my words, in the present instance, have not been reported according to the truth; for again I repeat it, I am made to say what I did not say.' Thus I contradicted the Report, in my pulpit. At the same time, I said, in a letter to the Editors of the Journal of Commerce, 'This averment,' (referring to what I had said of the *responsibility* of dealers) I denied having made. So, too, that I denounced the manufacture and traffic in question as 'felonious.' This was especially exciting to many of our good citizens, and I certainly did not make the assertion.' In my Discourse, on that occasion, and forming a part of it, I tell my people that what I had then said of the Report, was written fully out; and add; 'It will remain; and it shall be held for the use of any one, whether present or absent, who feels a sufficient interest in the matter, to request the loan of it for perusal.'—It has since been borrowed for perusal. In my own house, I read it, last year, to the man who drew up the votes that were the basis of the proceedings against me then; a man who was himself largely engaged in the trade then, and is now; and who, after all this, had the *coolness* to look me in the face and reply, '*Sir, I believe you said it.*' And yet, that man is still alive; and I would not, and will not, hurt a hair of his head!—Does not the author of *this* Report know that I had denied that word, and how and where I denied it? He dare not say he does not. And yet he has the face to say in this, his Report, that I have received the contributions of individuals 'without a word of complaint, and without asking the question whether they were or were not obtained by, or were the fruits of *'felonious'* dealing! Did he, when he wrote that word, believe what he knew that I had said about it? If *nay*, why has he, ever since July, 1833, continued under my preaching? If *yea*, why skulk behind an *inuendo* that he knew would be understood by his fellow worshippers and by me, and hurl at my veracity a shaft which he had not the courage to stand out in the open field and hurl?

Once more. In my first Letter to the Proprietors, this year, I refer to two sermons of mine that I there say I have laid before the world by the hand of the press. I certainly did, at the time, *profess* to print, each of those sermons, as it was preached. The author of this Report, speaking for himself and the two other members of the Committee who signed it with him, says,—'With regard to the published sermons to which he alludes, we will only say, and we say it without fear of contradiction, and we say it without meaning to call his veracity in question, that they do not contain all that was delivered.'

Gentlemen—and here I mean what the word imports, I use it not as an unmeaning from of salutation—gentlemen, how dare the Chairman of your Committee say, without fear of contradiction, that the sermons in question do not, as published, contain all that was delivered, when he knew that I professed to make the printed agree with the spoken word? How dare he? Why, my friends, I have confessed, over and over again—yea—even after I had expressed in strong terms, and that to the Chairman himself, my belief that all was printed that had been written or delivered, I have confessed that it was not!! Your Chairman dares, without fear of contradiction, to say what I have, myself, confessed! But why was *not* all of these sermons printed, that was delivered? Why, professing to print all, did I not print all? Did I not know that there were ears open around me, after I had printed, ay, and spirits enough around me that would watch for my halting, if there was, on my part, any want of good faith in giving from the press what I had given from the pulpit? Yes, gentlemen, I knew all this, and yet, professing to print all, I did not print all! Listen *why*. In carrying two sermons through the press—one word was dropped, by '*error of the press!*' One word—and only one, has as yet been found—one word, which, from its connexion with the sentence, might be dropped with no obvious injury to the sense, and no injury to the syntax, was omitted by the compositor, though it is to this hour uneffaced, in the manuscript; was detected, in correcting the press, by neither the author, nor the proof-reader at the office, and was thus left out of the printed, though it was delivered, and tt may now be seen, in the written sermon! And now, a man, standing out before the world as Chairman of a Committee of a Christian Society—a man, who, in one public document expresses his belief that '*the purity*' of that society will be endangered by my continuing any longer connected with it, dares, in another solemn document, which, with his own hand, he has given to the public through the columns of the newspaper press, to say without fear of contradiction,' that two published sermons of his own Pastor, 'do not contain all that was delivered,' because, in one of them, one word was dropped out by an error of the press! And the beauty of the whole is, that,—admirable tenderness of his neighbor's good name!—he says this 'without meaning to call his veracity in question!' O no! not for the world would he do so cruel a thing as that. He would only blast his good faith, without touching his veracity! He would not call his veracity in question, but would hold it up in such a light, as to destroy it beyond *all* question! And yet, for nearly two years, since the preaching and publishing of that sermon, he has been, as he had been for many years before, a hearer of my preaching, with all his family! Did that man, when he wrote this paragraph, believe, that by pubishing that sermon, though partaking with him of the common inheritance of human fallibility, I had acted in good faith? If *yea*, why this assassin stab at my good faith? If *nay*, why, by coming with his family year after year, to listen to my religious instructions, and unite with them, in the devotions in which I have led, has he betrayed his high trust as a husband and a father, in exposing his wife and children to the corrupting influences of a faithless man, and thus endangered the moral well-being of his family, and sinned against his own soul?

My friends—I have merely shown this man the horns of his dilemma. Let him choose, at his leisure, on which of them he will hang,

Gentlemen of the minority, I have now said all that I think it important to say to you directly, or through you, of the Report of the majority of your Committee. But, I pray you to allow me, through you, also, to say a few words to the Proprietors of the Church, since they have left open to me no channel of direct communication with them, by instructing any of their Committees or other officers, to communicate their doings to me.

Gentlemen, Proprietors: I hope you will allow me, without offence on your part, to call your attention to our present position, in relation to each other.

In my first Letter, in reply to your doings in relation to me, which letter is of date September 16, I tendered you an issue, as to the main spring, or moving cause, of your annual proceedings against me. In your Reply to that Letter, viz: in the Preamble to your votes, at your meeting, September 30, you distinctly take that issue. In my second Letter, dated October 7, I demand a mutual council to try that issue, and to settle all matters in controversey between us. Appended to that Letter, and offered for your consideration immediately after it, by Mr James Boyd, at my request, were the Preamble and votes, of which the following is a copy; indicating, as you will see, a way for the final settlement of our present controversy.

'Whereas, in our present controversy with our Pastor, Rev. John Pierpont, we have joined issue with him, upon the essential question between us; he, in his last Letter to us, in effect affirming that TEMPERANCE is, by way of eminence, THE 'Exciting Topic,' his zeal in the cause of which, and his efforts for its advancement, constitute '*the head and front of his offending*,' and we, in the Preamble to our last vote upon that Letter, denying this;—and,

'Whereas, It is absolutely due to the character of both the parties to this controversy, that this issue should be settled by some common and competent tribunal, in presence of this Christian community, and for the information and admonition of other churches, and of coming times—therefore,

'*Voted*, That a committee of——be raised by this Society, and clothed with full power to agree with our Pastor, upon a mutual council, before which this issue shall, by them, be carried, and by which it shall be settled.

'*Voted*, That the decision of that tribunal shall be conclusive, final, and forever binding upon both parties, upon the following points, namely;

'1. Whether what our Pastor has affirmed, and what we have denied, as aforesaid, *is true.*

'2. If the Pastor's course, in relation to the Temperance cause be not, as in his letter, he says it is, 'the main spring of our movements against him'—What *is?*

'3. Whether by reason of any thing that he has done, or left undone, in relation to that cause, or any other cause, 'the connexion between him and this Society *ought* to be dissolved.' And,

'4 If, for any cause whatever, that connexion ought to be dissolved, what are the terms and conditions upon which a dissolution SHALL take place.'

To this offer, or demand, your committee, appointed on the 7th of October, in their report, dated on the 14th, object, on the ground that, in their opinion, there is nothing between us for such a tribunal to settle. At the same time, they depart entirely from the issue previously tendered, and taken, and launch you forth upon an ocean of specific charges, in navigating upon which, I apprehend that you will find some difficulty, and meet with some delay in arriving at 'the point proposed'—being evidently somewhat further off now, than when you first set sail. In my poor judgment, 'ye should have hearkened unto me, and not have loosed from Crete, and have saved all this harm and loss,' in departing from a regular issue, and refusing to come to a trial. I have now no further counsel to offer. To the Pilots that you have chosen, I commit both yourselves and the responsibility of your voyage. Allow me to say, however, as your friend, and dropping the present metaphor, that those things, which you are now doing, are not done in a corner.

You are as a city, set upon a hill. The eyes of the Christian World are upon you. From the point where you now stand, three ways lie open, and only three. If you move you must take one of them. You are obliged to do this by strong necessity—a necessity laid upon you not by my hand but by God's. One of these four things, you must do. Either,

First.—Take refuge from the preaching of Hollis Street pulpit, in some other church where you may hear better, or in some shelter where you will hear none. Or,

Secondly.—Take me before an ecclesiastical council, where whatever charges you have to make against me, may be heard and finally determined. And this you may do by means of a Committee, especially raised for the purpose of conducting your cause; which committee you may authorize to say '*aut inveniam aut faciam.*'—'We will either find occasion against him, or will will make it;' or, you may entrust your business to the three gentlemen who have served you on the last Committee, whose Report is now before you for action, and whom you can instruct to go before the Council with their own Report, which you have ordered to be printed, and they have published to the world, declaring that, in their 'opinion, *there is nothing for such a tribunal to settle*: or,

Thirdly.—You must consider and rescind your vote of Sept. 30th, in which you declare that you do not approve, and will not endeavor to sustain, the principles of the entire freedom and independence of your pulpit, as those principles have been illustrated in my ministrations;—thus, inviting me to go into it again, with the distinct understanding that, while in it, I shall handle any topic that I think I ought, *as* I think I ought, and *when* I think I ought—in one *word*, that I shall *use* the freedom that I have vindicated, both for Hollis Street pulpit, and for my own spirit so long as I hold it:—or,

Fourthly.—Failing all these, you must consent to stand still, and hold the position that you have chosen to assume, in the eyes of the Christian World, and of God.

Gentlemen;—In my last letter to you, I said, 'The enterprize of displacing me from my pulpit is yours.' I now say,—in that enterprize you are doing *your* best, to save yourselves from the disgrace of failure. I shall continue to do *my* best, to save you from the still deeper disgrace of success.

I am, gentlemen of the minority,
Your friend and servant,
JOHN PIERPONT.

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